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VOL. X.

No. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Duo homines sunt, unus fœderique YALDEN
Cantabat SONUS, harmonique PATER."

AUGUST, 1845.

NEW HAVEN.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1845.

No. 9.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

[The history of the Townsend Premium is well known to most of our readers. A copy of the Instrument containing the grant, with its acceptance by the College, was inserted in the Magazine in August last. In the same number were inserted also five Prize Essays, the first fruits of the Fund. We now give place to the successful Essays of the present year. These were publicly read in the College Chapel, on Wednesday, June 4th. Having thus far excited an equal amount of *interest* with the former, they are doubtless equally fitted to add to the *credit* of the Yale Literary Magazine.—Ed.]

ELEMENTS OF POWER IN THE AUTHOR.

BY GUY BIGELOW DAY, COLCHESTER, CONN.

THERE are in every art a few leading principles on which every thing hinges ; and when these are searched out, and held up distinctly to view, we have the secret clew by which to unravel the entire subject. Whatever be our object of pursuit, it is the part of wisdom to fix these principles clearly in the mind, and they will become as beacon lights to guide us to distinction in the pursuit of that object.

It will be our present purpose to apply these remarks to the author, and examine some of the elements on which his power mainly depends.

The whole aim of the author is to influence mind, either through the passions or the reason ; and only so far as he accomplishes this, are his powers exerted to any purpose. He may gratify the imagination or please the fancy, but he has only beset the outer walls of the fort, while the man himself remains unmoved. And not until he has brought some weapon to bear upon the very seat of power within, has he in any measure compassed his end. To the student it is a question of no idle curiosity, wherein does this power consist ?

Doubtless the main point is to secure and retain the attention. For though truth after truth flash with lightning rapidity and brilliancy, if they fall upon a mind heedless and indifferent, they will be powerless as the puny blows of the infant. On the other hand, though couched

in the most homely phrase, if our minds are alive and active, ready to grasp at and weigh every truth with which they meet, they will be moved—molded by the power of that truth. Our very souls will be imbued with the sentiments of the author, and our spirits will partake of his spirit.

The first element of power in the writer which we shall mention, is *a thorough knowledge of human nature*; embracing not merely an acquaintance with man as a being of feelings and passions, but a deep insight into his intellectual faculties, and the laws that regulate mind. This is peculiarly the field in which he is to labor:—these the materials to be wrought upon. As well might a physician attempt to prescribe for the bodies of men, while totally ignorant of their nature and functions, as for the writer to conceive of success, while unacquainted with that endlessly varied and indescribable machine, the human soul.

For this knowledge he may pore over books in vain. He may trace the past history of man, and follow out all the secret motives by which he has been influenced, and it is not enough. He may then shut himself up in the depths of solitude, and reflect upon the nature and operations of his own mind, and it will not suffice. But to be master of this science, he must have accustomed himself to mingle with the world from the first dawns of reason. He must have watched, narrowly and attentively, the workings of mind upon mind, in the unaffected years of childhood, and traced its changes and secret movements from thence, through the period of youth, to manly age. Here he must pause and ponder upon its mysterious operations,—then observe it again with microscopic accuracy, and again pause and reflect. This is one of those intricate sciences, that never can be taught, but is to be acquired only by long, patient, and nice observations, taken in the daily intercourse of man with man, when the subject of our scrutiny least of all suspects that his movements are watched.

The man who passes through the world with averted eye, or buried amid his own private musings, can never make the powerful writer, however profound or metaphysical his productions may prove him to be. To convince the understanding, or obtain the assent of minds kindred to his own, he may be qualified; but to go out into the broad field of the world, and move and act upon the mass of mankind, never. But he who learns a lesson from every countenance that meets his eye, and suffers no act of his fellow-men to come under his notice, without unveiling the human heart, and discovering the curious machinery of motives that produced it, gets into his possession a key that will unlock that heart; and when necessity requires, he can enter in and control it at his will.

He who would reach the centre of action in man, must learn to enter with him into the sanctuary of his own private feelings and sympathies, and there pull upon those strings that centre only upon self, and thence vibrate back to the world without. He must acquaint himself with the peculiar characteristics and preferences of different classes of men, and be ready to yield to their scruples and humor their inclinations. And when this is done skillfully, and without apparent design, resolute

indeed must that heart be, that remains uninfluenced. It has lost its kin to the human race.

Another element of power is *originality*. The world of thought is nothing less than infinite, both in extent and variety. It is therefore not in the power of finite minds to exhaust this fountain. Ages have already been spent in drawing from it, yet, like the rock in the wilderness, when struck by the rod of genius, it gives forth its streams richly as at the first. Ages more may make their demands upon it, but it will be infinite still.

This characteristic in a writer appeals directly to the strong passion for novelty in the human breast, and thus arouses effectually the slumbering energies of the mind, and renders it capable of being wrought upon. While others encumber their productions with the dross gathered from a hundred pens, the original writer brings up from the deep mines of thought, ores pure and bright, glittering here and there with some more precious gem. Many shrink from the task of working these mines for themselves, but all love to enjoy the fruits of another's toil.

Originality of thought adds to the author's power also, by increasing our respect and admiration for him. This influence is of a tacit nature, but none the less real. We take pleasure in contemplating the creations of mind, whether as exhibited in the inventions of the intellectual or physical world. And in proportion as we find a man capable of producing these creations, his influence over us is increased. To such a man we almost involuntarily yield our confidence, and suffer our minds to be governed and modified by his power. Originality would seem to be the natural aliment of the mind, affording a gratification to which none are insensible. He, then, who hopes to be successful in impressing truth upon the mind, must add this to the list of his qualifications, though labor and self-denial be the cost of its purchase.

The third element of power that demands our notice, is *common sense*. Some may smile to see this classed among the qualifications of a *powerful* writer; but we regard it as yielding to none in point of importance, inasmuch as there can be no power over ordinary minds without it. A man may possess all the profundity of a Locke, and the originality of a Bacon, united with the imagination of a Dante; yet if he be wanting in plain common sense, he will be destitute of the only link that can bind him to common minds. Attach what importance we will to native genius, wit, and eccentricity, they are all but poor equivalents for this seemingly cheap, yet indispensable element. As thought follows thought in the most natural yet attractive style, we think any one could have written the same; yet we are constrained to acknowledge that there is an appropriateness and an actual power in every sentence, for which we are unable to account.

Those in all ages who have been most successful in imparting truth, are the men whose productions have partaken most largely of this character. They are plain, practical men; yet their writings have lived, and will continue to live and be cherished, in the hearts of '*the people*.' Among this class our own Franklin occupies a conspicuous place. And analyze where we will the productions of those authors

who have had the most to do in molding the character of a community, we shall find this a prominent feature. Others may gain admiration by bold figures and lofty conceptions, or charm by elegant comparisons and glowing descriptions; but it is left for these alone to make all bow assent to their opinions.

Common sense is to the author a regulating power, guarding him against every extreme. If he is deep and original, it delivers him from that blind and incomprehensible style that only tends to mislead and bewilder. If possessed of an exuberant imagination, it checks those fancy flights and wild speculations, which otherwise would bring both subject and author into ridicule and contempt. The man who is destitute of this quality can have no more power over the empire of mind, than the feeble insect to move the rock on which it crawls. But in proportion as it predominates, power is increased, till we come to that class of writers over whose productions this faculty sits as a presiding genius, and every sentence they pen finds a ready response in the human heart. By such the mind loves to be influenced. It feels none of that wounded pride consequent upon yielding to usurped superiority; for the writer comes down to a level with our own capacities, and seems to mingle his sympathies with ours. Access is thus gained to the heart, the secret springs are touched, and the will easily brought to yield.

We have dwelt thus long on this point, because so many, and especially young writers, are prone to seek after abstruse phrases and high-sounding words, at the expense of perspicuity and precision. If the object be to influence the mind, then all must allow that a single thought, clearly and forcibly expressed, is worth volumes of vague and floating conceptions, but half formed in the mind of the author, and still less understood by the reader. For what influence can truth have upon the mind, unless that truth be distinctly comprehended?

These are not to be regarded as the only qualifications of an author, but as some of the more prominent. They constitute the fundamental elements in every powerful writer; and when each of these is duly-developed, others are seldom wanting. Take one of them away, and the symmetry of the fabric is destroyed. There may still be left the wreck of a great mind, but its deformity renders it hideous, and robs it of the power it might otherwise have possessed. This is what constitutes the difference between a Byron and a Shakspeare. The former wanted that proper balance of the different elements, which gives power over mind; and his intellect, though that of a giant, was distorted and unwieldy. The latter, on the other hand, combined these, in extent and symmetry, to a degree perhaps unequaled by any other writer. Hence his works constitute a kind of universal language, for the most part as significant now as on the day they were written.

Perspicuity is of the utmost importance, but it is rather the result of a combination of elements, than itself an element.

A thorough knowledge of the subject, too, is indispensable to the author. For it matters not what a man's employment is; to be successful, he must make himself perfectly familiar with the materials he

is to use, as well as the instruments with which, and the purposes to which they are to be applied.

Method may also be regarded not only as conducive to perspicuity, but as essential to the highest degree of power. There is a mode of arrangement in nearly every subject, that will give each of its parts a peculiar force. Then, again, we are permanently influenced only by so much as we retain some impression of in the mind. But when a strict and natural order is maintained, every prominent point may be made the property of the attentive reader.

It will be seen, that of the three elements here mentioned, each appeals to one or more of the great principles of universality in man. Here is the secret of their importance. These sympathetic chords, when skillfully touched, vibrate through the whole range of human hearts, and, returning, bear back the echoes of victory achieved. Like the notes of the musical scale, the changes upon these can be endlessly varied; but nothing short of a life of the most diligent study and practice can qualify a man to combine and bring out the highest degree of harmony of which they are susceptible. Happy that Orpheus, who has so far mastered them, that not rocks and trees, but human hearts, move reverently to the music of his lyre.

THE INFLUENCE OF WAR UPON SOCIETY.

BY ANDREW FLINN DICKSON, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It is a fact well worth observing, however trite it may seem, that the successive efforts by which the world cast off her old slough of ignorance and barbarism, and came forth in the nobler garments of light and knowledge which she now wears, were either caused or accompanied by the development of some great truth in moral or physical nature—were brought to light by the effulgence of some mighty law, hidden till then, from man's negligence, and suddenly shot out, like the star of another nativity, to mark the birth of new happiness and life to humanity. Strangers and pilgrims do they seem, at first, in this universe of error; long and valiantly do they struggle for a welcome or even a foothold here: and it is only when sore experience has fully tried their value, that they come to be recognized as guides to security and peace. Even then, their power to aid, to elevate, to bless, is but dimly and imperfectly seen; but when they open up, to the humble student of their treasures, the glory of their Heaven-sent beneficence, his eyes are dazzled by the celestial radiance—he feels like one who walks suddenly forth from a night that has built up its black front to the very vault of Heaven—before, above, around him, light, joy, and splendor—behind, deep, ominous obscurity!

And it may be added, that as we have not yet reached the acmè of human progress—as there still remain some heights of honor and

knowledge to climb, so we may expect them to be won by the same series of victorious efforts, marked out by the revelation of great practical principles. Indeed, it is to this very condition of things that the present age owes its endless discussions, its constant turmoil, its multitude of bitter contests; and though, under the guise of reformation, much that is false, and more that is vain, finds way to notoriety and temporary life, yet this very agitation shall work off the scum of imposture and mistake, and leave the truth, pure and unadulterated, to gratify the thirst of man for new and more potent blessing. What though they war with our long-cherished habits and opinions, and teach blind bigotry to close more firmly the organs she will not use, against truths she dare not see? This is but the pride of consistency in man, which drives him to hold on the way his fathers went; and, once conquered, it will operate as strongly for the right, as in previous ignorance it struggled for the wrong.

Among the great principles that the present age has developed, none deserves a more prominent place—whether we consider its extensively beneficial character, or its contrariety to all previously entertained notions—than the doctrine that wars are obstacles to the advancement of society—a doctrine that strikes at the root of all the old maxims of policy, and tends to establish, upon the calm philosophy of modern days, a new and intellectual system of diplomacy. That it is entirely opposed to the former ideas of mankind will appear at once, on recurring to the policy of ancient nations, whose very life was war, and their breath the miasma of the battle-field. THEN, the principle was AVOWED, that there was no limit to the right of possession, but that which bounded the might to grasp and secure; in those days, there were no *wars of pretences*. But there succeeded a different period, in which ingenious philologists and lawyers were employed to torture treaties, alliances, pedigrees, and all the paraphernalia of national security, that from their dying agonies might be wrung some shadow of pretext, not contemplated by the originators, for acts of aggrandizement and high-handed injustice. Thus for the profit of war—as under the sway of Charles the Fifth of Spain, or for the glory of war, as in the days of Louis the Fourteenth of France, or through a boundless lust of both, as in Bonaparte—the tide of bloody contest swept round the whole earth again and again, till the cannon's roar and its echo had run its dreadful career over the vast circumference of man's territory. Nay, such was the infatuation of our race, that they obstinately closed their perception against all that warned them to “cease from strife,” and behold the dawn of a more peaceful era; and even now—so slow is man to give up this national intoxication—with many, “a man of peace” is but another name for a coward.

Let us examine for a moment, notwithstanding this unmeaning clamor of the thoughtless, the truth of a position formerly laid down; viz. that no great principle deserves greater prominence than the one under consideration, on the score of its *extensively beneficial character*. And first, let us inquire into the condition of things necessary to the progress of society.

There must be LAW in existence, and in healthy operation. Take law from civilized society, and the consequence would certainly be a retrograde movement—the weak would lose their security against strength; the strong would lose their shield against cunning; universal suspicion and distrust would ensue—and this once the case, all alliances between man and his neighbor would be completely broken up. But, instead of supposing law subverted, let us imagine it only diseased and partial in its action: who does not see that its efficiency would be instantly lost, and its great hope and aim cut off? All confidence between the people and their rulers must be at once annihilated, by a knowledge of the fact, that justice, in a legal contest, if attained at all, will be won by accident. In short, so notorious is this truth, that it has grown into a political maxim, "It is better to abolish the law than to make men suspicious of it." This subject cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to the present condition of Spain. Recent travelers, after describing the crowds of bold and hardy men, collected to enjoy the sports or exhibitions of their gala-days, almost uniformly mention the fact, that the simple appearance of an officer of justice will overawe and disperse them; nay, if the alguazils approach the door of a dwelling, the inmates, wringing their hands in perplexity and distress, secrete their valuables, lamenting meanwhile the misfortune of such a visitation: such is the natural condition of a country whose laws and whose government have not earned the confidence of its subjects.

Now that war is an enemy to law is a point that need hardly be argued in a land where martial law, as it is called, is so much dreaded as in our own comparatively peaceful territory. We know—though, thank heaven, but few of us have seen—the rapidity with which the substitution of an arbitrary martial discipline, for the long-trusted bulwarks of legal enactment, wears away public confidence, even in the latter, and drives it to disease and inefficiency. But it is not enough to say that war is a foe to law; we assert it is its arch enemy—there is none greater or more fatal. It destroys the habit of obedience to reasonable restraints, by substituting at intervals a despotic power, that rules by fear; it teaches man to look at individual will, more powerful than law; it burdens a nation with vast expenses, and yokes it to ruinous debt, to be removed by taxation, which taxation calls for new and more oppressive laws; it breeds, in the thousands of a nation's host, habits of immorality that plague the land through a series of generations; and now, what is there in the whole universe of ill, that could do more? Famine and pestilence may bring distress, and distress engender crime; but here is a mightier than famine, a more terrible than pestilence.

The social virtues, secondly, lie even nearer the foundations of society than law itself, which is, indeed, but the fortification man has erected for the preservation and nurture of the former. A complete respect for the moral and proprietary rights of his neighbor, a strict attention to domestic duties, and "a love for the kindnesses of life," constitute the basis on which man has erected the great fabric of civil society; this is the offspring, and they the parents, of social happiness and ease.

A fact, so evident, needs no support from logic ; but let us glance (and there needs but a glance) at the action of war on these social virtues. What then will be the result to property, of habits of plunder ; to domestic or public morality, of life-long debauchery and animal indulgence ; to courtesy and kind feeling, of harsh discipline and habitual disregard of life ? That a soldier may be a gentleman, no one will deny ; but, that it is the tendency of his profession to make him a villain, is equally indisputable.

Another security to society, for its own preservation, is the bond of commercial and other business interests. It is an evident advantage to a people that those in whom men confide should be bound by something more than mere honor and integrity ; and, finding the assurance they need in law and legal government, they are induced by the strongest of all persuasions, that of interest, to uphold society and its regulations. But war, in its insatiable voracity, swallows up by seizure, by taxation, by capture, by wreck, till the mighty mammoth of commercial power and wealth lies prostrate and helpless, crushed by the inveterate attacks, and famished by the ceaseless robberies, of this crimson destroyer.

Finally, the advancement of nations in all that makes their happiness and welfare is owing, in great measure, to the habit of reasoning upon the general nature of governments, and of the character, in particular, of their own government, existing among the people. The reaction of political knowledge among all classes, upon the government over them, is one of the most useful stimulants to a good administration, and most salutary checks to a bad one, that could possibly be contrived ; and especially in the popular, or partially popular constitutions of the three best governed nations in the world, (England, France, and America,) is the opinion of thinking men in private formidable to men in office. But what can be more incompatible with such a condition of the public mind than the habit of unthinking obedience, taught, directly and indirectly, by military discipline ?—directly to those subjected to it, indirectly, by their examples, to all whom they influence.

Thus, turn where we will, in investigating the ground-work of society, and the aids to its progress, we find this mortal enemy in direct opposition, as if sent by heaven to crush our schemes and disappoint our most reasonable hopes ; there is not a plan for reformation or improvement, but, like Apollyon, this same arch enemy strides across the path and stops the way. And that these are no idle speculations, history affords a thousand irrefragable proofs ; with one of these, however, we will content ourselves. We take the annals of France, from the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, down to the Revolution, to be a testimony to all we have advanced, as complete as if written for the special purpose of supporting the doctrines here laid down. Under the reign of Louis le Grand, improperly so called—for his ministers were great, not he—his ambition, with the love of power in his favorite, Louvois, who knew that he shone only in contests and strifes, (like the lightning in the storm, most destructive as well as most brilliant,) led Europe a Dance of Death, in which the finest armies, the most skillful generals, the richest provinces, all met the same general ruin at his hand. Not that he was

uniformly successful, even in his most convulsive efforts—by no means. With an infatuation that in any other than a king would have seemed madness, he ground the faces of the millions of his own poor, and stained the whole continent with their blood. While the great Colbert built up happiness, and wealth, and internal power at home, his master entered his blooming and ripening fields of promise, to ravage and desolate, “to let loose the dogs of war” upon its alarmed inhabitants, and teach his heart-sick minister the thanklessness of a reformer’s office, and the treachery of his hopes. Now mark the consequences: the minister of war fell into disfavor with his capricious master; his great and glorious antagonist, the minister of peace, died worn out by his toils. While the wheels of government are slowly losing the momentum his powers had given them, Louis himself is brought to the tomb, bequeathing turmoil and trouble to the queen-regent and his successor, Louis Quinze. During this distressful period, one minister of finance after another was chosen, tried, and dismissed; the same man was recalled again and again; herculean efforts were made to restore credit and security to the nation; but the task was too mighty, and even Richelieu’s genius was unavailing. Anne of Austria, and the shadow of royalty that succeeded her, fought out their restless reigns amid rebellion and civil war, followed by Louis the Sixteenth, who dreamed of the happiness of power, till he woke to die by hands trained to all that was cruel and murderous by the “glorious” reign of his great-grandfather. It has been asserted, we know, that this revolution was a contest of principle; but the assertion was drowned by the fiend-like howls and shrieks for “bread! bread!” that rung through the palace of Versailles, on its first attack by the mob—was buried among the heaps of slain, whose needless death betrayed the vile corruption of military recklessness in the brutal hearts of their butchers. Such was the lesson, read to man by the history of France, upon the character and consequences of war.

Shift we now the scene, to imagine—what, alas! we cannot find in history—a nation, in which the truth under discussion is not only admitted, but fully appreciated. Let us conceive a nation of sufficient power and wealth, of extensive civilization, of increasing resources, having a few families of foreign or alien races dwelling in her midst, and surrounded by weaker provinces or independent sovereignties. Holding this doctrine, she would treat the stranger within her borders, and the minority under her sway, with a respect that should forever banish rebellion or insubordination, more to be dreaded than external war; secure in her own power from invasion or attack, she would scrupulously avoid aggressions upon less mighty neighbors, knowing that, if war be an evil so tremendous, the habitual expectation of it is second only to itself in ill. That such a nation would always escape from hostilities, while there is so much wickedness to be scourged from earth, so much aggression to be repelled, so much doubtful right to be maintained, is not, we confess, to be expected at once; but how much unnecessary strife would cease. It has often been asserted, that a nation cannot yield one jot or tittle of her rights, without dishonor and disgrace; and

no one will deny, that there are many circumstances, in which submission would be a stain; but is it not true, that after war, the belligerent powers either cede some territory from one balance to the other, to adjust the scales of power, or make the "status quo ante bellum" the basis of a treaty? in which case, the victorious nation must yield what is hers by the right of conquest. But which is the better, to be driven by force from an imaginary advantage, or, on a calm consideration of the emergency, to yield what is not worth the loss occasioned by the strife? On the other hand, is it more magnanimous in a great nation to waive an apparent right, or to waste blood and treasure upon it, that it may gain the glory of restoring it after hostilities? On this latter principle a strong man might well rob a weaker one, that the whole race might admire his generosity in restoring to him the property he had lost. But, to return to the scene of peace we were describing—the social virtues, unchecked by the harshness either of tyranny or military habits, would promote domestic happiness, and draw closer the bonds of internal attachment, thus strengthening the nation against all difficulties and dangers; law, created and upheld by them, would scatter, broadcast over the land, the seeds of new happiness and peaceful glory; taxation, and the burden of government, reduced to insignificance by long prosperity, would cease to harass the enterprising in commerce and manufactures; they, secure from capture or loss in war, would extend the Briarean arms of their keen sagacity to the ends of the earth, and gather in treasures for their country's benefit; no longer trained to unreasoning obedience, the wealth in manliness of the country would cease to be merely "its bone and sinew," as they have so often been opprobriously called, but each would rise to the stature of a judge of men and measures, and the standard of the nation's intellect would be raised at once, and thus, strongly united at home, and respected or feared abroad, what should hinder her from becoming a mighty people? Such might be the progress of any nation, under the healthful operation of this principle, and why not the progress of our own? Why may not she, destined without doubt to be "the mother of many nations," why may not she, adopting this truth as a governing maxim in her policy, rise to be first in moral, as well as physical greatness? For assuredly, if what we have here advanced be true, the law should be written in letters of gold on every legislative hall, and in every executive residence—"Better a calm and happy peace than a glorious and successful war."

THE CLERICAL PROFESSION.

BY JOHN W. HARDING, EAST MEDWAY, MASS.

IF man be indeed immortal, and Christianity that great central truth, about which all the hopes and destinies of a future life revolve, the sacred office of the ministry must be the highest and most important of human trusts. However men, in their apathy, and indifference to religion, may seem, in the conduct of life, to forget the acknowledged end of existence, the least candid and sober reflection cannot fail to bring back the mind to the simple, yet overwhelming truth, that the present world is no abiding place for the soul, and that all our noblest aims and most reasonable endeavors should have reference to an hereafter. But, passing by at the present those most dignified and obviously important functions of the ministerial office, which man's future hopes and his individual relations to his Creator involve, I design to consider its *professional* character and influence, in connection with our *temporal* interests alone.

It is a very unwarrantable idea, that the Christian Religion, while it chiefly prepares us for another life, yet neglects in any wise this world's happiness; and that the welfare of our social and civil relations depends upon fortunate circumstances and human foresight, rather than the wonderful and universal adaptation of Christianity to every want of man. Keeping out of sight the bright hopes of immortality which shine about our pathway through the august mysteries of the Future, it demands, when considered only as a system of human policy, the profoundest veneration. In all that can give true dignity and worth to human nature,—that can minister either to the happiness of the individual, or the majesty of the State, Christianity has put to shame every human system of philosophy. It has been the great engine of civilization, raising up man from lawlessness and violence to all the blessings of good order and peace; and this, not by invading armies and hostile colonies, but through the unpretending labors of a few self-denying missionaries of the Bible. It has broken down the long-established terrors and usurpations of arbitrary power, and in their place set up the nobler dominion of mind over mind. Finally, it has instituted the great brotherhood of Humanity, elevating man to his true dignity, and allying him to his race by a thousand ties of private and public virtue. All that human wisdom and power could do, was done for the Ancient Republics. They were stupendous monuments of human skill, unaided by Revelation. But where was man? The slave of the STATE: lost in the great idea of its magnificence, and living but to minister to its renown. Christianity had not yet asserted the dignity and independence of the *individual*. The State was not made for him, but he for the State. Thus, there was no common bond of Philanthropy to attemper and govern ancient Patriotism, and when the unwieldy structure which was the temple of its worship fell, man, blinded by superstition, without an object for the present, or a hope for the future, was lost and

overwhelmed among the unsightly ruins. Who can read this world's history, and not see written on every page the law of moral progress, or fail to recognize, amid the conflict of passion, and the tumultuous strife of injustice and error with freedom and truth, an Almighty Providence, moving over the dark chaos of events, bringing order out of confusion, and gradually preparing the way for the perfect development of human nature? Who have held among men so honorable a place in this glorious progress, as the champions and dispensers of Christianity?

The American clergy occupy a peculiar position in the history of Religion,—none other than the van in the last great contest of Truth with Error.

In ancient times, Christianity, asserted by a few humble and defenseless men, assailed and overthrew the cumbrous fabrics of Polytheism. She has fought with kings and mighty powers of the earth, and conquered. Now must the conflict be with the vaunting and untamed spirit of Democracy. Truth, in its simple dignity and power, untrammelled by establishments and forms, is to wage war with Error, itself as free, and unrestrained, save by the moral sense of men. The Voluntary Principle in religion has at length removed all connection between Church and State; Liberty of Conscience and of Worship are now complete. The old foundations of religious and civil polity are well-nigh broken up. Ancient usages and forms are dead. Men have very little reverence for authority or antiquity, and it is quite beyond the power of ecclesiastical antiquarians to galvanize into life the cold dogmas of "the church" as it was in the middle ages. Men have too long listened to the voice of the Reformation, and tasted too much of liberty, to be influenced by these ancient devices. They will hereafter think and act for themselves, and there is to be no conservative power, but the force of truth upon the conscience. Forms in government are neither better nor stronger than forms in religion. Nay, they have not that foundation, which even a formal religion has, in the essential nature of the human soul. We put an idolatrous trust in our free institutions, just as if there was some magic power in the few and simple forms of Law, which at present restrain the fierce spirit of unlicensed Liberty,—as if this great Goddess of Liberty, whom we worship, was the guardian of Law, and not wholly dependent upon it for protection. Without the essence of Liberty, its forms are nothing; for they have no sanction, save in that Law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man.

Some, however, seem to think that by a skillful arrangement of checks and balances, in our political wisdom, we can so array men's passions and interests against each other, as to produce a safe equilibrium of hostile and destructive elements. But no! Virtue is at once the moving power, and the balance-wheel in our political machinery, and never by any skillful poisoning or management can the selfishness of men supply its place. It is that unwritten law of peace, order, benevolence, and justice, which must be the only true conservative principle of our institutions. Where else can any be found? Both reason and experience seem to establish it as an axiom, that man must be governed

either by moral truth or by arbitrary power. The French Revolution plainly teaches us the end of Liberty when divorced from Virtue. Who, in our country, can so avail to save American liberty from that terrible end, as that class of educated and virtuous men, who may reach, through their quiet and unobtrusive influence, every *individual mind*; first, to satisfy man's religious wants, and dispel the clouds of superstition and fanaticism which obscure his hopes of immortality; next, to make him intelligent, and thus fitted for a rational self-government; and finally, to proclaim those common principles of daily morality, which make men honest and trustworthy in all their relations to society?

Man will have *some* religion. It is but another form of hepe,—a constituent principle of the human soul; and, if not enlightened by a rational religion, it will be swayed to and fro by fanaticism and doubt. Atheism is a doctrine so monstrous and unnatural, that men can seldom so distort their true natures as to believe it. With general education, no class has so much to do as the clergy; for they are the guardians, and, to a great extent, the dispensers of public learning: and the Atheist does not deny the necessity of intelligence among a free people. If, then, their influence reaches the individual character so directly in every thing that makes Government a blessing, and life worth having, how great is their power over the State! A free government is formed for the individual, by freely dispensing its blessings to the mass, to elevate and ennoble *him*. The State must *follow*, and not lead the progress of the citizen; and as society is but the aggregate of individuals, its chief hope must be in the right education of individual character.

Intelligent foreigners, who come among us, wonder at the apparent anomaly in the history of religion, which exists here, viz: THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE, which places religion, and that successfully, upon its own basis, by entirely severing it from any connection with our political institutions. In the freest nations of the old world, Toleration is considered the most enlightened doctrine which can be consistent with the welfare of the State, and at the same time with the support of religion. Even in our own country, until within a few years, men feared to place Truth upon its own independent and immutable vantage ground, perfect liberty, and thought it needed in some way to be braced up by the supports of civil power. The result has proved that religion needs no such aids. All it asks for is perfect freedom, and an open field in the unbiased hearts of men. If the human mind is left to its own bent, it will so harmonize its temporal and eternal interests, that a just and natural affinity shall exist between them. Let Civil Government only mete out even justice to citizens of every sect and denomination, while Religion will instruct them all more freely in the art of being free, and, though it keeps entirely aloof from party differences and public affairs, yet by directing the manners of the community, and regulating domestic life, it will regulate the State. Governments have their origin in our social wants; but religion is founded on the desire for immortality: Society has no future life to hope for or to fear. Its institutions are changing and ephemeral, varying with the opinions of a generation, or the interests of a life. How absurd then to ally religion to these fa-

gitive powers and changing forms of society, when it is the only one of them all which can hope for immortality! Sustained by the invariable dispositions and imperishable interests of the human heart, it needs no assistance from governments to live, and, by giving them its assistance, it must share their changing fortunes. From the old world we constantly hear voices complaining of the decline of religious faith, and yet its antiquated forms are bolstered up by kingly power and wealthy establishments. Philosophers are inquiring how it is, that democratic America, whose constitution knows no religion, and whose government gives not a single penny to its support, is the most religious nation in the world. It is because the American is instructed from childhood at his fireside, by a clergy who are devoted to the truth, and no apostolical succession of traditions, and who are supported by willing and active hearts, and no establishment. In Europe, the living principle of Christianity has been so long bound down to the superannuated systems of government, that it has seemed to share in their decay; but, as they crumble in ruins, it will rise again in new freshness and vigor.

Having thus considered the peculiar advantages which the American clergy possess, to wield a powerful influence upon the State, let us revert for a moment to the peculiar need, which the signs of the age evince, of the full exercise of this influence. A restless spirit of change is abroad in the world. While the powers of Government are passing from the control of the few into the hands of the many, so also are the powers of *mind*. There are to be no longer aristocracies of learned men, who, by their mere dicta, may rule the opinions of the multitude. A new energy and earnestness of thought is becoming characteristic of the common mind. Men are everywhere catching glimpses, some true, and very many false, of their capacities, rights, and interests. They are searching out abuses in old institutions, and in hot, democratic haste, are forming new ones every day. One attacks Christianity, and would do the State great service by crying out against priestcraft, and throwing abuse and contempt upon the peaceful ministers and institutions of religion. Another finds out *the grand defect* in our civil polity, and would have all men equal in power, riches, and glory. But why recount the various and novel forms of error and fanaticism which are abroad? Let any read for himself the signs of the times in the numerous advertisements of public meetings to be held on any Sunday evening, which occupy long columns in the public prints of our great cities. He will see there the people earnestly invited to give ear to every doctrine and dogma which *free inquiry* has ever devised to lead men astray from the paths of reason, justice, and religion. Now, there is no law against false and corrupt opinions, save the law of reason and conscience. Who then are to assert this law wherever error rises up in ten thousand subtle forms, to overturn the foundations of right? Who, in fine, are to guide and purify public opinion, that great ruler in a Republic, and thus avert from the State those threatening dangers which the enemies of freedom have long predicted? They only, whose business it is to reach the hearts of men by the power of truth.

The inquiry now forces itself upon the mind—Have we such a

clergy as these exigencies demand? De Tocqueville, in treating of our institutions, remarks, that there is no country in the whole world in which the Christian religion retains a greater influence over the souls of men, than in America, and that, though it takes no part in the government of society, it must nevertheless be regarded as the foremost of the political institutions of this country. If this be true, it may perhaps be questioned whether Christianity owes more to the religious influence of a pious ancestry, which has permeated our national character and institutions, or to the living power of her present ministry. Why is it that so many clergymen are wandering about without employ, and that while their profession has greater need of men than any other? Is it not oftentimes because this active, thinking age requires a higher standard than the present one, of clerical talent and attainments, and therefore has nothing for these weak and inefficient though inoffensive men to do?

What then are some of the peculiar qualifications which the age demands of the clerical profession? In very briefly mentioning two or three of these, which seem most intimately connected with our present view of this subject, we forbear to dwell upon the most obvious and only sure foundation of success—a sincere and earnest piety. Apart from the sacrilegious use of a most sacred trust, with which a worldly or ambitious spirit profanes the holy office, there is no other principle in human nature which will dispose, much less enable a man to incur, its just responsibilities. The love of power, the thirst for wealth, none of the common motives of men, will find gratification here. If they do the world will see it, and will despise and distrust such a man. His influence is lost upon society, both as regards their present and future interests. Men can endure hypocrisy, or venality, or pride, anywhere rather than in the voluntary service of the Almighty. It is that moral heroism then, which will do or suffer anything in the service of a Higher Ruler than the world, which must be the only moving principle of action in this profession. But what is a moving principle without the appropriate means of action? The water may flow in its native bed, with a current strong and deep, but, to assist us in the useful arts of manufacture, it must be directed in artificial channels, and applied at right times, and in proper quantities, to nicely adjusted machinery. It must be wide and powerful too, while the smaller rivulets, though just as pure, are content in their noiseless course to fertilize the meadows, and become its tributaries. It will not tend to elevate this profession, and procure for it just weight and dignity, for every man, who may feel a sincere desire to do good in a great cause, to leave his plough or his bench, and with habits, character, and manners stereotyped by time, struggling all the while perhaps against harassing poverty, to hurry through a clerical education. Men of strength, who know themselves, and have well estimated their powers, and the task before them, may successfully remove so many of these opposing obstacles to their success, as to atone in a measure for a somewhat superficial education; but all common candidates must rely upon long, severe, and patient discipline of mind. Nothing else but mind will fight the battles of Truth,

now that the people are earnestly inquiring and thinking for themselves. The *intellectual* condition of the present age is distinctively its own. Other times have been more distinguished for their great geniuses, their masters of thought and learning; yet in our day there is an universality of education, a general activity of the common mind, such as the world has never seen before. The multitude are already in possession of the facts—the materials of thought, and the *professionally* learned man must maintain his superiority simply by his power of moulding these materials into definite forms, and giving shape and direction to the public mind. This requires, in the first place, the power of a philosopher, and afterwards that practical talent of expressing and communicating thought by the various means of the pen and the living voice, which nothing else can give but patient and vigorous self-discipline. To Christianity as the highest truth, *all* learning is tributary, and the minister of religion should be able to use it in her service. Philosophy, science, literature, *all* are before him to furnish argument and illustration in solving the great problems of human life and human destiny. The old-fashioned life of the clergyman was one of comparative ease and quiet dignity. He instructed the people by systematic discourses upon a list of doctrines, as his predecessor had done before him. There were few new-fangled notions and fanatical reformers about in those days. He devoted his leisure time to a farm, and lived and died in the same place. But the ardent and faithful minister of these times cannot hope for a long or a peaceful life. He must be ready to meet error in a thousand forms, and times, and places, not only in written discourses at weekly periods, and from the pulpit, but by that ready talent which will enable him to bring forth from a well-stored and well-disciplined mind, the words of truth for any moment's exigency. It is little creditable to men whose profession leads them constantly to public speaking, that they should not be able to say a word in season when a good cause demands it, because they have not it written down before them. The age will soon require of the clergy a more energetic and graceful style of oratory, for there are too many self-taught, common sense orators abroad, and too many mass meetings to school the people in the knowledge of *practical* eloquence, to permit the hum-drum, drawling monotony of pulpit written discourses to satisfy the earnest listener.

There is one other requisite which, no less than every other, the clerical profession most eminently needs. It is common sense; the guide of philosophy, the embodiment of logic, the pruning knife of rhetoric, the teacher of all the proprieties of life, in fine, the ruling faculty of a well balanced mind. The clergyman, in old times, by virtue of his office was a dignitary. The people regarded him with reverential awe, as he dispensed his iron opinions with authority from a lofty pulpit, or, as in clerical attire he entered their dwellings. But a more democratic spirit has changed our manners; it *may be* for the worse, but so it is, and must be, for the leveling doctrines of democracy are in the ascendant here, and will inevitably give their tone to our national manners. It only remains for the modern clergy, instead of sighing for the times gone by, to adapt themselves to the people; to become all

things to all men, and to wield a higher power than station ever confers, that of mind over mind—a power which Democracy even cannot gainsay nor resist. But, to do this, they must be thoroughly acquainted in the ways of the world, *skilled* in the knowledge of human nature, and thus able to command all those secret avenues to the human heart, through which truth may enter unobserved the citadel of its prejudices, and take a peaceful possession.

Lastly, should not the clergyman be as polite a man as any of his neighbors? It is certainly a part of clerical education to be a gentleman. There are many good men who cannot see any benevolent design in the *beauties* of God's creation. Awkward, and crooked, and harsh-looking themselves, they recognize nothing but vain pride in any attention to graceful manners or neat attire. Such men acknowledge no alliance between Taste and Religion, and will have very little to do with the humanities or refinements of life. In their own character, we are apt to see the influence of their mistake. There is more in it to approve, than to love and admire. They perform well all the great duties of life, and through their good works appear to advantage in the distance, but on near approach fail to win our affection, through negligence of those minor duties, over which good taste presides. In the beautiful words of President Hopkins, "They seem like stately trees, in the trunk and main branches of which the sap circulates vigorously, but does not reach the smaller twigs, and give to the leaves their perfect green." But with regard to their influence upon *other* men, which is more to our point, the world will either dislike, laugh at, or pardon them. In either case, they are not where they should be—in advance of society, and prepared to lead the way with ease and dignity in every situation, and knowing how to reach the best feelings of men in all ranks and stations. In fine, the age demands that the clergyman should represent, as the teacher of religion, morals, and manners, the combined, yet simple and harmonious character of the *Christian*, the *scholar*, and the *gentleman*; the Christian, to teach a pure religion; the scholar, to teach a reasonable and intelligent religion; the gentleman, to give all his teachings the evident sanction, in every look and gesture, of a warm and generous heart.

SUPPORTS OF LAW IN A DEMOCRACY.

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THE well known fact that there is an intimate connection between the establishment of permanent social order, and the due observance of public law, is sufficient, at all times, to give point and interest to any inquiries into the nature of this relation.

It would, doubtless, prove a fruitful source of instruction, could we scan, with proper care, the constitutions of different States, and mark

their progress through different periods of their existence, to ascertain, if possible, that form of social order which is best adapted to the wants and condition of man. But, in the progress of civilization and of society, the problem has, to a certain extent, been solved. The faithful pictures sketched by the historic pencil, reveal the onward tendencies of man to free government, and amid their ever-varying lights and shades we discern the important truth, that the principles of Democracy, founded on the *common rights*, and commending themselves to the *common sense* of all, are destined to become still more permanent and widely diffused.

Though governments that have been reared upon the democratic principle have, at times, assumed different features, we recognize *perfection* in none; and perhaps the greatest political problem of the age is the best organization, and establishment, of democracy in Christendom.

Standing on the height of philosophic inquiry, surveying the rapid progress of this principle, its present extended influence, and the probability of its ultimate triumph, the subject before us assumes a new importance, and cannot fail to create in us a high degree of interest.

We are favored in our examination by the peculiar circumstances of the period in which we live. Besides our knowledge of man's nature, we have all the light derived from a review of the past, and the experience of the present. The improvements in political science, in morals and religion, have placed Democracy in the New World upon a footing essentially different from that which it occupied in the Old.

We see it no longer confined in its pure and absolute form, within the scanty limits of a few small States, but passing through the fiery conflict of opposing principles, and emerging at last by its innate vigor, divested in part of its odious character, and stamped with those features of limitation and correction, which give it a more inviting aspect.

Under such a government we have had the opportunity of personally observing the operation of the laws, and while we propose to consider the subject in general as an abstract one, having reference to no particular country, we look upon the *period* intended as the present age with all its improvements and discoveries.

Law is defined to be "a rule of action." It is essential to the individual. He who has no stable principles of action, is exposed to all the dangers which arise from impulses uncontrolled, and wholly unconnected with what is good, right, or wise.

But man is wholly man, only in society, and society is what it ought to be, only through the laws. Obedience to the laws then, is necessary; for, without their being followed, they are no longer laws in fact, because no longer rules of action. How then can this obedience be best secured? If an individual is more inclined to follow the rules he himself has laid down for the regulation of his own conduct than those prescribed by another, should we not infer that a community of individuals would yield a more cheerful obedience to laws of their own making, for a similar reason? This we conceive to be the true idea of a Democracy. It is nothing more nor less than *self-government*,

where all legitimate authority is derived from the consent of the governed.

It will be unnecessary, on the present occasion, to give an elaborate definition of the *term*, or to enter upon any eulogium respecting the exhaustless themes of the natural rights and equality of man; the term, Democracy, is taken in its generic sense, entirely divested of party significations, and it is sufficient simply to observe, that all the citizens of a Democracy are on a footing of political equality, to the exclusion of all privileged classes. Among the people as a body, or through their representatives, all the laws must originate, and this popular origin of the laws is the prime source of its authority. The origin of such a society is evidently voluntary. Men associate together, to define their rights by mutual counsels, and protect one another by their common strength. They do not relinquish any of their rights by such an agreement, but simply provide for their security; and, while every man attends to his private concerns, he sustains an equal share in the public deliberations, and feels an equal interest in the general welfare. He becomes interested in the support of laws which his own vote may have assisted in forming, and knows that by upholding the majesty of the law he defends his own supremacy as one of the people.

The principles of the Democratic creed are simple, and easily understood. They are wholly opposed to a consolidation of government, based on unwritten laws, maintained by physical force. They restrict government to its natural uses, curtail the number of its functions, separate its action from partial interests, simplify the mode of its operations, and reduce the principles of legislation to the simplest expression, compatible with some form of national organization. They sustain penal laws by penal legislation, but, in addition to the physical force necessary for their execution, they throw around them a still more powerful defense, in the superior moral sanctions emanating from courts of justice. In such a community, the law of justice furnishes the only practicable basis for any general rule, since it is the only neutral ground where all parties can meet, and the law has power and efficiency, only so far as it conforms to this general rule, and to the state of society. The laws become merely the resolutions of a community to abide by and support justice, and it is this strong sense of their justice, which gives an efficiency to the white wand of the petty constable, equal to the far-famed caduceus of Mercury, and confers on one, as the officer of the laws, the supreme executive power of all.

This innate sense and desire of justice is found universally pervading the mass, governing the good by the excellency of its own nature, the indifferent by a regard to their own interests, the bad by a conviction of its prevalence and power, and exciting in all, in a greater or less degree, the sanctions of conscience, gives to the law that silent but sovereign power which sways the State.

It is the usual policy, in governments where executive management prevails, to maintain an organized body of preventive police, and to hold out regular rewards to informers, proportioned to the nature and extent of the crime concerning which information is desired. This is,

perhaps, essential to the maintenance of despotic power ; but the history of every such government is replete with proofs of the miserable effects produced by such a system of informers and secret police. The familiars of the inquisition have entirely changed the national character of the Spaniards, and proved ruinous to the best interests of Spain. Tacitus speaks of the "delatores" as one of the worst features of the Roman jurisprudence, and calls them the pest and vermin of human society. In Venice the dark proceedings of the Council of Ten, the dungeons of the Piombi, might reveal many a tale of horror, and of secret injustice, the direct consequence of secret information conveyed to the "*lions mouths*." Similar proceedings were formerly countenanced in England, and produced similar results, while the system of secret and counter-secret police, established by Napoleon, is deserving of all the imprecations that have been heaped upon it.

But, in a government strictly of law and civil liberty, where every citizen can do as he chooses, except in direct violation of *known* law, where *proper* notice is taken of an offense only after it is committed, there is no need of a preventive police, established on so extensive a plan, as is possible in a well regulated and carefully organized absolute monarchy.

The more government circumscribes individual action, the less obligation will be felt by its citizens to assist it. But when, as in a Democracy, the government becomes highly restricted, the support of the laws comes more directly upon the people, and their readiness to give assistance is proportionally increased.

By this it is not meant that all the citizens will become, as it were, a body of police, nor that they will be called upon to spend a great share of their time in the discovery and punishment of minor offenses ; this will of course be done by the proper officers ; but, in the case of heinous crimes, the law will not be abused on the false representations of malicious informers, nor can any more efficient aid be desired, than what every one will feel ready and willing to give.

In such a community, we need not, *necessarily*, suppose a superior degree of human perfection, though of course, in respect to intelligence and morals, the standard cannot be placed too high. Perfection is never assumed as the basis of any political system. Collective bodies of men are always mingled masses of good and evil ; they may be deceived, misled, prejudiced, corrupted by flattery, and aroused by designing leaders into all the excess of tumultuous passion, but, in the conflict of free thought and free discussion, the evil will cure itself. This power of self-rectification is always found pervading the mass, but especially in an age like the present ; and the superior efficiency of the Democratic principle is based on the fact that men, in general, with no particular private interest or passion to maintain or indulge, will unite to uphold the decisions which emanate from tribunals of their own institution, and feel at the same time that, in securing the rights and interests of others, they are establishing the firmest legal guaranty of their own. The virtuous impulses of a moral nature, uniting with the strong motives of personal interest, tend to create and nourish a

state of public feeling, in the highest degree favorable to the prompt and uniform support of law.

One of the most striking instances, in illustration of this feeling, on record, is found in the high-toned and lofty sentiment embodied in that simple sentence, where one of the noblest nations on earth once concentrated its lively spirit and dear experience. I mean the inscription which commemorates the heroic devotion of Leonidas and his gallant band, at Thermopylæ. "Stranger! tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws." Nor was this feeling of devotion wholly wanting among those who obtained our title to liberty. Hamilton, enforcing the claims of a constitution which presents the highest actual exhibition the world has ever seen, of freedom in the citizen, and efficiency in the government, fell not in the least behind the true spirit of the Spartan inscription, when, with that noble enthusiasm, which was his perpetual inspiration, he exclaimed, "I would die to preserve the laws upon a solid foundation, but, take away liberty, and the foundation is destroyed." Those who obey laws only as so many insulated regulations, depriving them of more or less individual liberty, have not penetrated to that high degree of civic sense, which makes obedience to the laws an inspiring cause with noble hearts.

The peculiar spirit of Democracy is one of progress. It asserts that the cause of civilization and liberty worthy of man, is not promoted by an Asiatic stagnation, whose Koran says, "Every new law is an innovation, every innovation an error, and every error leads to eternal fire;" nor by the arrogance of a Jacobin, who should declare war upon every thing that exists or has existed. Legislative enactments are called for continually, for purposes of general utility and improvement. The law-making power is vested in those who know the popular wants, who have had a practical and experimental knowledge of all evils proposed to be redressed, and who expect to become themselves affected by their own enactments. This provides an effectual barrier against the passage of bad laws, or secures their speedy repeal.

This self-corrective power, inherent to Democracy, is, in fact, the grand source of its efficiency. If there is need of more intelligence in the community, the necessity thus created originates systems of instruction; knowledge is simplified, brought within the reach of all, and a correct understanding of the law, which is the first step towards its observance, is thus effectually secured.

The trial by jury may be considered as essentially a democratic institution. Though first adopted by the English, in a semi-barbarous age, by its own intrinsic excellence it has become incorporated into the political systems of nearly every nation in Christendom. By the mode in which jurors are usually selected, legal questions of all kinds are placed before men of different classes in society, and the courts of justice become, as it were, extensive schools of practice, always open, where every individual may learn to exercise his just rights, and gain a knowledge of the law from the advice of the judge and the efforts of the bar.

The true idea of law is to restrain men from transgressing on the

equal rights of others, and to enforce the duty of contributing to the necessities of society. From its nature and origin, *civil law* is necessarily defective. The mainsprings of action, the motives, lie beyond its reach. However powerful, its influence is mostly of a negative character. It enacts punishment for crime, but holds out no rewards, as inducements to virtuous action. Unaided by *religion*, it fails to secure implicit obedience. Religion enjoins submission to the ruling power, whether that power be a majority or a minority. It places legal demands on high vantage ground, by declaring it morally wrong to transgress or evade civil law.

Though religion of some kind is a universal principle, found in all countries, in which society is deeply interested, the Christian religion in its purity has always appeared as the natural ally of Democracy, from the period of its first announcement.

The annunciations of its lofty teacher embodied truths after which the nations, in their dim twilight, had long struggled in vain. They are addressed to the deepest and holiest aspirations of the soul. They speak to the individual, apart from social position and rank. They hold up a perfect pattern of equality, and proclaim the inherent dignity, the glorious hopes, and natural equality of man. They remove the obstructions heaped up by falsehood and fraud. They reveal the highest excellence, they demand unceasing progress. Their influence is found far back of the laws, among the first principles of belief and action. It enters the hearts of men, and decides questions where the law is powerless. It quickens that sensibility which should ever be in advance of our reason, and makes good and obedient citizens, by impressing the claims of truth and duty, with peculiar force, upon the mind.

It confers that sanctity upon an oath, (justly called the grand bond of social life,) which controls the magistrate of every degree within his prescribed limits, and enjoins the claims of allegiance upon the people.

Accustomed as we are to the silent and unseen operations of the Christian religion, we can form an adequate idea of its efficiency in support of law, only by conceiving the probable state of things that would ensue without it. It restrains the sensual propensities of a people, by substituting the enjoyments of reason and virtue. It reforms the criminal, originates systems of benevolence and charity, encourages industry, diminishes pauperism, *the great source of crime*, and, since the laws arise in some degree from the manners, it gives that tone to the manners, which affects the laws themselves.

The golden rule of action it prescribes, has the most salutary influence upon society, as it includes all social duties, and ensures among the lower orders of community a spirit of submission to the laws, and acquiescence in the just claims of their superiors.

There is no form of government better adapted to the perfect exercise of this principle than the one under consideration. Religious principle, was the *primum mobile* that set in motion the delicate and complex machinery of *our* government. It is the guiding star which presides over the destinies of this people, a people, who in the superior excellence of their institutions, have embodied the brightest dreams

of those spirits, who, in other times, and in other lands, have lamented or struggled against oppression, who have realized those fine conceptions which speculative men have imagined, which wise men have planned, or brave men vainly perished in attempting to execute. And, as we read the future from a knowledge of the past, we see Liberty and Christianity bound in still closer union, going on in mutual process of development, until that period of happy consummation when men shall cease to hate and destroy, when civil law shall give place to one of superior efficacy and become at last wholly superseded by the wide spread diffusion, and universal prevalence of that one great and mighty law, received by man in its excellence from the hand of his Creator, perfect in its adaptation to his moral nature, and which, still free from human imperfection, and based upon the immutable principles of ETERNAL TRUTH and LOVE, is destined to endure, fixed, and forever sure, amid the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY ROBERT RANKIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is interesting to trace the progress of any art from infancy to the period of its maturity and perfection, since this progress marks, with certainty, the advance of civilization. We see the savage, at first a denizen of the forest, clothed in skins, and differing little from the animals around him. Inferior to them in instinct, he constructs, with less skill than the wren or the beaver, a hovel of clay and twigs, as a shelter from the bleak winds and tempests. In the torrid zone, a gloomy cave; in polar regions, a shell of ice is his abode. Taught by Necessity, he plans a habitation for his family, and guided by Reason, designs a temple worthy of his god, and destined to perpetuate his own name.

Such is the humble origin of an art, which, while it is essential to man's comfort, is also capable of expressing his ideas of beauty and sublimity.

Before considering the state and prospects of Architecture in this country, it may be well to glance for a moment at its history in the Old World.

We learn from Scripture that the antediluvians built cities of stone, and constructed the ark, a vessel far surpassing in size any naval edifice of modern times. In a century after the flood, the tower of Babel reared its lofty head, and the deep foundations of Babylon were laid by Nimrod. Next, we find the art revived in Egypt, in a style that proves it in its infancy. The pride of Memphian kings, and the policy of this 'celestial' nation, strewed the earth with Pyramids and temples that

to this day crowd the province of Thebais, imposing by their mass, but devoid of beauty. The Greeks, a free-spirited people, living amid wild, romantic scenery, under bright skies and a genial sun, caught inspiration from Nature, and infused new life into the art. With trunks of trees, and timber hewn from the forest, they erected, in honor of their hero-gods, temples, whose characteristics were strength and extreme simplicity. From masculine grandeur of style, they aimed to unite elegance with simplicity, and finally, as their imagination grew more exuberant, they crowned the whole by an order, surpassing in richness and luxuriance of ornament, all the conceptions of earlier times. In the system thus perfected, forms and outlines the most graceful, were combined with a skill and regard to proportion that defied criticism.

When Rome added to her rich collection of spoils the treasures of Greece, she learned the arts from her illustrious captive. The character of the art now changed. The Greeks had consecrated it to the service of Beauty; the Romans made it subservient to Utility. By the invention of the arch they added a new province to its sphere of action. They hemmed in the sea, spanned rivers, drew living streams from far-distant mountains to the capital, building roads, that, like chains of adamant, bound the provinces, and raising in air the self-balanced dome, that seemed to set at naught the laws of Nature. Influenced by a passionate love of novelty, they rashly disturbed the harmonious proportions of the Grecian system, and, ceasing to revere it, their taste soon became vitiated. In the days of Augustus were reared the Pantheon,

“Relic of nobler days and noblest arts,”

and the Coliseum, that rivals Egyptian vastness; but, in three centuries, the glory of the art was faded and obscured.

From the corruption of the Roman style sprang the Gothic, after an age of darkness, in the fullness of picturesque beauty. Its type is the pointed arch, formed either by the intersection of round arches, or derived more romantically from the interlacing branches in an avenue of trees. The delicacy of its ornaments, the fineness of its clustered, reed-like columns, its tapering, heaven-pointed spire, and its close imitation of Nature, give it an unique power over the feelings and imagination. It is the last link in the chain that connects the Cathedral with the Pyramid—the boast of England with the pride of Egypt.

Architecture, in our day, has fallen from its former high estate. The finical taste of Italian artists, and the ignorance of tramontane barbarians, have disfigured many a noble structure. Not a country in Europe, but may boast its princely palaces and towering churches, yet, if we except the early Gothic, they are full of glaring defects and violations of propriety. Here we see a cathedral with Grecian front, or Roman towers, and again a noble facade offends the eye by a confused mixture of different styles. If the architect attempt the light and graceful, his work is slight and meagre; if he aim at majesty, earth groans beneath the weight. Often has the caprice of a monarch interfered

with the principle of the art, or assigned a great work to unskillful hands.

All the nobler edifices, required by society for purposes of use or elegance, have long been supplied, and their great durability and costliness prevent renewal or alteration. Associations too, cluster about them, that, despite their faults, form and prejudice popular taste in their favor.

These and like considerations lead us to believe that there is no other nation so well fitted as our own, to restore to the art its primitive purity and simplicity. Favored by Providence with free institutions that give scope to the aspiring mind, with scenery that may well invite us to the study of Nature, and possessed of every material in abundance, we may, with the ancient models, and the experience of successive ages, to guide us, hope to rival our illustrious exemplar. Neither following servilely the Grecian mode, nor burying its noble forms in crumbling masses of stuccoed brick, and worse than heathenish temples of painted wood, we must study for ourselves the principles of the science, and the laws of taste and adaptation. With native marble and granite, we may rear monuments of art, lasting as the hills, that will establish our name and dignify our history, in the eyes of posterity. With what lively interest do we regard even the humblest relics, hallowed by the noble deeds of our fathers. What emotion must the degenerate son of Athens feel, as he views, preëminent in the "tiara of proud towers" that crowns her Acropolis, the Parthenon, the perfection of Grecian art, and calls to mind the ancestral glory of his native land, "immortal though no more." Such memorials serve to awaken self-respect and national feeling,—“the origin of all great actions in a commonwealth.”

Doric strength and simplicity become our republican character, and belong most appropriately to the senate-house and the public hall.

In ecclesiastical architecture, too, there is a noble field for the display of genius. The Greeks, inspired by religious enthusiasm, dedicated their perfect temples to inferior deities; we rear piles that may serve as fit habitations for the God of the Universe. Religion, the foster-mother of the arts, which she elevated by association with herself, has ever found them, when arrived at maturity, powerful aids in subduing the feelings of men. The Cathedral, where the great of old are sepulchred, that reminds us by its solemn gloom of "God's first temples," fills the mind with awe, as, with assembled men, we stand and worship in its holy precincts. Every style of this, as of all the higher arts, has found its consummation in the temple.

The Pantheon and the Parthenon seem planned, like the temple of Solomon, by the Deity himself, while modern Art points to the church of St. Peter—a monument worthy of its august place.

“What could be
Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty there are aided.”

When we have fairly subdued the soil, we may, with giant hand, write our name in the earth, in letters of stone, and lay the foundations of public works that shall outlive time, and vie with those of Rome. Of all the fine arts, Architecture is the only one into which the national mind enters with any real enthusiasm. Its greatness accords with the aspiring genius of a young and free people. Did its merits rest upon utility alone, it has the highest claims to our regard. But, while other arts are, so to speak, merely fine, this combines beauty with utility, and its cultivation begets in the mind a taste and love for the beautiful, that tend to the promotion of kindred arts. If, in painting and sculpture, we must be content to hold a secondary rank, there is no reason why we should not stand first in Architecture, judging from the erections of half a century which foreshadow its future greatness. It is for the government to see that our national works be constructed, as though we intended to have a national existence, nor should a niggardly spirit cramp the genius of the architect. Our people have a taste for magnificence, which, if rightly directed, will adorn our capitals with public edifices of beauty, as well as utility. Even now, the domes, and spires, and monumental columns, that crown the great cities, meet the eye in the far horizon, while the imposing front and rich colonnade of noble mansions, remind us of the luxury of older nations. The tasteful residences, too, that ornament our village cities, bespeak a growing taste that augurs well for the future.

But in rural architecture we take especial interest. Here every one may exercise his taste and fancy in imitating the picturesque forms of Nature. Horticulture and landscape-gardening go hand in hand with their sister art, heightening her charms by contrast. Where Nature does so much to waken and delight our sense of beauty, it is strange that men will blindly refuse to appreciate her efforts. We do not sympathize with those utilitarian critics who would repress any attempt to kindle enthusiasm in this branch of art. Already there is too little of the feeling among us. The morbid love of excitement, and restless anxiety to mingle in the world's strife, crowd our cities with the young and aspiring, while the country and its charms are neglected. Happiness does not rest in gain nor ambition, but in contentment and repose of feeling, and what can tend, more than the love of Nature and national enjoyment, thus to dispose the mind. If the hand of art could add to our rural residences attractiveness and beauty, it would happily affect the character of the people. It would add a new charm to the delightful associations of home, true taste would be gratified, and the romance of Architecture would heighten the pleasures of real life.

SONG OF THE NIGHT.

Flowers from my pathway bring,
 Let mirth's glad echo ring,
 Joy speed my dewy wing,

As I return ;

But your wreath may be bound on the marble brow,
 And your voices may mourn for the loved laid low,
 And your joy may be one that ye heed not now,

Ere again I return.

Deck for the thronged hall !

Love crowns the festival :

Haste ! for when Time's stern call

Wakens the morn,

My dark mantle lifting, the dawn may display
 Where the pall, and the shroud, and the sleeper lay,
 And the pale bride of Death may be borne away,

Ere again I return.

Rest, weary slumberer, rest,

Lulled on my quiet breast,

With sweetest visions blest,

Is my return :

But a shadow may come o'er the dreamer's sight,
 And his joy may be winged by the spirit's flight,
 And his eye may be sealed in an endless night,

Ere again I return.

G. W. S.

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 THE "WHITE HILLS" OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

No one can have a full conception of the grandeur of a portion of New England scenery, who has not visited the "White Hills" of New Hampshire. It is to be regretted therefore that strangers, when they come among us, so frequently get all their ideas of the appearance of the country upon the tedious routes between Boston and New York. For, however attractive our cities may be rendered by a profusion of ornamental trees, though country residences be made as seductive as possible by all the arts of decoration ; though the admiration of foreigners be called forth by the magnificence of our sunsets and twilight, and of the variegated colors of our autumnal forests ; still, the southern part of these Eastern States is wanting *generally*, and most of all upon

its great thoroughfares, in those stirring views which are fitted to give celebrity to its natural scenery. Yet among the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, through the valley of the Connecticut, and along the shore of Lake Champlain are to be found many delightful views, and not unfrequently revelations of Nature in her "wildest, grandest modes."

The present sketch is written with more hope of reviving pleasant recollections than of throwing an interest around the narrative.

In the summer of 1839, a company of seven students, during their preparation for college at Holmes' Plymouth Academy, courageously undertook a journey of *seventy* miles to Mount Washington. The pedestrian plan, long and zealously discussed, was finally abandoned, not altogether as impracticable, but to secure the company of a gentleman well acquainted with the route. Three single horse wagons, with horses prefixed, were procured, (*on tic*, of course,) at *eight cents per mile*, and furnished accommodations for six: the seventh preferred a saddle. I recollect nothing peculiar in these preparations, save the harnesses. An up-country harness is a peculiar article, and peculiarly practical in its *applications*. To one initiated to its mysteries, nothing, it is said, can be more simple; and yet to the Gentiles in hostelry it is exceedingly intricate and perplexing. The whole contrivance consists of one piece beside the bridle, which is separate and independent. Collar, saddle, breeching, and traces, are conglomerated together in confused order and orderly confusion, to the utter dismay of one undertaking, for the first time, to induce harmony between the parts, as I very well recollect. It is ten chances to one if the novice does not *tackle* as if the cart were to go before the horse.

Plymouth is near the geographical centre of New Hampshire, about forty miles from Concord and three times that distance from Boston. It is beautifully situated upon the Merrimack, which however there, and for a considerable distance below, is called by the Indian name Pemigewasset. The river, at this place, is fifteen or twenty rods in width. Upon the west the country rises rapidly, yet leaving room for the village under cover of the hills. Upon the east is spread out a delightful meadow, nearly a mile in width, which is skirted, and in some directions intersected, with groves of maple. Upon the Haverhill road, which bears off from the river at an angle of nearly ninety degrees, and passes over the hills, there are splendid views of this whole scene, and of the mountains beyond.

As we have been somewhat delayed by this description, we will suppose ourselves to have passed directly across the Pemigewasset, a distance of twelve miles to the east. The intervening country is rough and uninteresting. As we approach the lakes, however, the scenery becomes exceedingly beautiful. The hills have swelled into mountains, and around and among them are spread out broad, irregular sheets of water, which are still called by their Indian names. We leave Squam upon the left and come to Winnipissiogee, at the head of which, a pleasant site, is the little village of Centre Harbor. A steamboat used to ply irregularly between this place and the remote extremity of the lake,

though it has since, if I remember, met with some fatal disaster. One would naturally suppose, that among three or four hundred islands, navigation, except in broad daylight, and at a moderate rate, must be, to say the least, difficult.

To the northeast rises Red Hill, somewhat famous through the region for its views, but no less for its *blue-berries*. This is well worth climbing. The ascent is easy, and its elevation inconsiderable. The prospect from the summit is certainly magnificent. At your feet lies Winnipissiogee, stretching on twenty-five miles to the southeast, and studded in its whole length and breadth with numerous islands. Upon the west are Great and Little Squam. Beyond, the Rattlesnake range, and round to the north and east, Mts. White-face, Ossipee, &c.

About half way from the summit to the base of the hill, and directly upon the path, was an old house which appeared hardly suitable for habitation. While passing we were startled by a shrill voice from the doorway, which pelted us with questions a little faster than we were able or cared to answer. "Where d'ye cum from?" and, "Was y'ever up this mountin fore?" were introductory to a series of inquiries, that, however approaching to familiarity they might appear, in themselves considered, were ejected in the true explosive style, or something like *a yell with a vengeance*. The owner of this strange voice proved to be a female; but old age and care had evidently wrought fearful changes in her, and removed every trace of gentleness. When we were within she briefly related her history. For almost half a century she had lived in that mountain hut, as it were in solitude. Sometimes, through the winter months she had not seen a female face, or even the face of a neighbor. Those long and dreary seasons she had spent in loneliness, though surrounded by her husband and children. They were all *deaf and dumb*. We pitied her from our souls, and, as we left, were glad to drop in her hand the pittance which she stood waiting to receive.

Seven miles of the road from Centre Harbor to Conway passes through a pine forest, upon an almost unbroken plain. It is rendered still more romantic by a view of the Six Mile pond, or Ossipee lake, a beautiful lake embosomed in the woods, embracing one or two very rugged islands, and lined with a pretty beach. Near it are the remains of an old Indian fort, which our kind friend pointed out to us, but which had so far decayed that otherwise it would have escaped our observation.

Conway is a considerable village, has a good hotel, and being somewhat central in its situation, unites two at least of the Northern routes. The surrounding scenery is wild and romantic. The various ranges of mountains, which toward the south gradually diminish in size and become rounded in their proportions, are here more distinctly defined, and tower, with their bold and rugged summits, high above the plain. One of these, Chocorua, I was told, derived its name from an Indian who was shot upon its summit in the very act of leaping from the precipice. He had been pursued across the country from the border of Maine by a party of volunteers from Haverhill, Mass., and was determined to die rather than be captured. The whole region was at that time an unbroken wilderness.



There are very many exciting legends connected with various localities among the mountains, and they are as multiform as numerous. Another, and I doubt not, more true version of the incident related above, is that Chocorua was shot by a party of hunters, in time of peace, before the settlement of that part of the country. A fatal distemper, which attacks the cattle of the neighborhood, is believed by the superstitious to be caused by the dying curse of the murdered Indian.

The Saco river runs a little east of the village, bending its course toward Maine. At Conway it is a rapid stream, and comes tumbling over the rocks like a torrent; yet in the adjacent town of Fryeburg it assumes a sober, quiet character, taking a deliberate ramble about the country, and flowing, it is said, thirty-six miles to gain a distance of eight.

It is very common for travelers to visit Fryeburg for the novelty of crossing a State line—a curiosity which it might be difficult to analyze, but which is nevertheless extremely natural. I recollect, when a boy, of striding a boundary post, so as to boast of having been in three towns at once. Of course, I cast my vote for stepping into Maine. Upon the way we were entertained with an account of the adventure of the Boston Tea Party, which is, in some respects, different from the common vague traditions of that daring act. It was given as related by a survivor (supposed at the time to be the last) of the party, whose house was pointed out to us, just in the edge of New Hampshire. The old veteran, Mr. Howard, was over ninety years of age, but retained his faculties remarkably well, and told the story of his youthful adventure with much animation.

The band of young men, he said, met in a cabinet-maker's shop; but, when fully disguised, hesitated to proceed, and finally resolved to consult two or three influential men of the city. These came, at their request, but would not venture an opinion upon the probable result. They however suggested another, who was accordingly called. He also was unwilling to take the responsibility of encouraging the plan. "I can give you no advice," said he, as he left; "if you go you will find friends." It was a moment which demanded courage and promptness. One of their number, taking the place of a leader, inquired of one, "What say you?" "Go ahead." The same question was put to each individually, and the same answer invariably returned. A Round Robin was then drawn up, bearing upon the circumference the reason of their resolution, and their signatures in the centre. The names of the actors were unknown till after the war. The old man had preserved the dress which he wore upon the occasion.

The village of Fryeburg is extended half a mile or more along a level street, at the head of which stands, or stood, an old-fashioned country church. At the west end of the street, upon the left, just before you enter the village, there is a slight elevation, covered with shrub oaks, which offers a very splendid view of the neighboring region. The hill itself commemorates a theft of the Indians upon the knapsacks of a party of whites. In the forest, to the south or southeast, is to be seen a beautiful lake, the shore of which was the scene of the celebrated

meeting between Chamberlain and the Indian chief Paugus, if I remember the names. Both had come to the water to cleanse their guns, and were somewhat advanced in the operation before they discovered each other. They therefore good-naturedly agreed to be deliberate in this preparatory measure, and to commence loading simultaneously. Then their lives were to depend upon their skill. Chamberlain's gun primed itself. The Indian was the most rapid in his movements, but was unaware of his antagonist's advantage. He therefore saw with delight the gun bearing full upon him, and exclaimed exultingly, "*You no prime,*" and fell. The guns are preserved in the village museum. We were unable to visit this, but understood that it contained many interesting objects, and among them a gun eight or ten feet in length, which was manufactured in Salem, Mass., for the express purpose of shooting witches.

An accidental detention at Conway very fortunately gave us an opportunity of ascending Kiarsarge, a mountain six miles to the north, in the town of Bartlett. The prospect from this mountain is altogether superior to that from Mt. Washington, because to a view of the wilderness it adds a view of villages and cultivated fields, of rivers and meadows, and, in the horizon, of the level of the ocean. Rattlesnakes are sometimes found upon it, and black bears are entrapped in the region not unfrequently. It is so covered with blue-berries, at the proper season, as to exceed all belief.

From Conway we also went out to a very high, perpendicular rock, called Hart's ledge, from an old settler. A small but very deep pond lies at the foot of the ledge, and reflects from its glassy surface the impending rock. These objects have been fancifully called the "Old Man's Wash Bowl and Looking-Glass." Of the Old Man himself by and by.

At almost every hotel upon the route, a record is kept, in which travelers are expected to enter their names, their residence, and, if they choose, their passing thoughts. It is very amusing to read over the heterogeneous mass of poetry and nonsense collected in such volumes, and to trace the various ingredients of human nature. Our kind landlord at Conway brought out some old books, which we searched diligently. We found nothing more original in idea, or more ridiculous in expression than an apostrophe to the *Goddess* of "Skull and Bones," by a devoted votary from Yale. It appeared that this benevolent lady had 'kindly conducted the young man to the summit of Mt. Washington, and shown him from thence the *kingdoms of the world and the glory of them*. A costly victim should therefore *smoke* upon her altars, when again the portals of old Yale opened to receive a returning son.'

The distance from Conway to the Notch is thirty miles. The scenery, as we approach the latter, becomes magnificent beyond description. The mountains, towering far into the sky, gradually gather about the road, which winds along through the forest, hardly traceable for a hundred rods at a time. Long ere we reached the Notch our whole vocabulary of exclamations was exhausted, so that when the Notch burst upon us with all its sublimity, we could only be silent. Indeed the

place is one in which you would hold communion only with your own spirit and with Nature. You gaze and gaze, unconscious of the lapse of time. Around, above you, ragged precipices stretch up almost to heaven. Their barren, crumbling summits seem ready to fall and crush you. The sides are furrowed deep by numerous slides, which have filled the valley beneath your feet, and you walk unconsciously over the ruin of former years.

The site of the Willey house is well selected for a complete view of the defile. The disastrous slide of 182— by which it was made desolate, is doubtless well remembered. The circumstances were related to us upon the spot with thrilling interest by our friend, who had been well acquainted with the unfortunate family. It appears that, alarmed by former slides, they had built a booth some distance down the road as a place of refuge in case of future danger. To this they were evidently hastening when they were swept to destruction. They had been roused from sleep by the thunder of the descending mass, and had hurried forth without a covering. The house was providentially preserved by a rock in the rear, which divided the slide. How terrific yet sublime must have been that spectacle. At the dead hour of night, in the midst of the warring elements, the whole defile is lit up by an unearthly glare. The friction of the descending mass of rocks and earth lights its pathway. The hideous form stretches its arms around the dwelling to clasp the terror-stricken inmates. They fly from destruction, but destruction yawns upon them. A dreadful shriek, and nine of that unfortunate family are buried in ruin. We lingered about the place as long as time would permit, and hastened on.

The Notch proper is formed by two perpendicular rocks, some twenty feet in height, and about the same distance apart. Between them run both the road and the Saco river. Near this place is a delightful little cascade, of considerable fall, formed by a brook which has its source back upon the mountain. Dr. Dwight thought it probably one of the most beautiful in the world, and remarked that it glistened in the sunbeam like burnished silver.

There are two hotels for the accommodation of visitors to the mountain—the Notch house, just out of the Notch, and the Mt. Washington house, five or six miles beyond. Each of these places has its advantages and defects, as a point from which to commence the ascent.

Upon the evening of our arrival we were much gratified to see our friend, Mr. H., bring forward a manuscript narrative of perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the former guide, Ethan Allen Crawford. Mr. C. was described to us in general as a very tall, strong man, who used to cross the streams upon the way to the mountain with a lady under each arm. The tales were told with great simplicity, and gave us ideas of the hardships of those early settlers, of which we had been unable to conceive. At one time, during his absence from home, his house was burnt to the ground, and his wife and infant child driven out to defend themselves, as best they might, against the inclemency of winter.

Horses and guides are provided for each of the routes by which you

ascend the mountain. From the Mt. Washington house, after six or seven miles ride upon a rude path through woods and swamps, across streams and over hills, the horses are left at the foot of the mountain. The ascent of two and a half miles is then to be performed on foot, and, though exceedingly laborious, is yet romantic in the extreme.

The view from the side of the mountain is very extensive. A view from the summit is exceedingly rare. It is interesting to notice, as you ascend, the effect of increasing cold upon vegetation. The trees become stunted in their growth, and dwindle down to short clumsy stumps, upon the top of which a skillful man might almost walk. The surrounding mountains are named from the various Presidents of the United States. There need be no fear for many years yet of a failure in the supply.

From the Notch House a path was completed in 1840, for horses, to the summit of the hill; and this, I doubt not, is now the chief direction of ascent. The distance I cannot estimate, as I have every reason to believe the guide *lied* about it. The superiority of this path to the other, beside the item of riding to the summit, consists in this—that as it passes over the summits of several mountains, (the chief of which are Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin, and Monroe,) you are sure to get excellent views from some of them, and from *one* almost as good as could be obtained from Mt. W. in its *clearest* moments. The picturesque appearance of the path, as it winds up these hills in a zigzag direction, when viewed from different points, may be readily conceived. We ate a tremendous dinner upon the summit, and were glad to get down into a warmer climate. The cold at the summit is often intense, even in mid-summer, and travelers are frequently covered with sleet by a very few moments delay. Mr. Crawford originally bought the mountain of the Legislature for *forty* dollars. Having descended we rode on to Bethlehem, where we were obliged to spend the Sabbath.

Though all my recollections of this place concern a day of prolonged misery, they are of a highly humorous, and almost ridiculous character. We put up at a miserable country tavern, and after most earnest supplications for a fire, were allowed to warm ourselves by a few dying embers in the kitchen. That we could possibly need, or properly receive any sleep, seemed not to have entered the noddle of the stupid landlord. With a resolution, however, which might be appropriately called *pursuit of lodgings under difficulties*, we accomplished our object, and were shown to our rooms. M—— and myself were honored with the chief chamber, the furniture of which consisted of a bed, three chairs and a half, and—nothing else. It was a mercy that we had no right to expect, and did not expect, that we were permitted to be sole occupants of the room. We were blessing the landlord for this kindness, when M——, with the most censurable curiosity, opened a closet door, (in search of the other half of a chair, probably,) and scared up a huge quantity of rats. For the first time a full sense of our miserable situation burst upon our distracted minds. With gloomy forebodings, we felt that we were not *all* alone. Having committed the first hostilities ourselves, we could not with any

reason, and as reasonable men did not, expect any peace. Above, around, beneath, we felt were elements of discord, which would rob us of that tranquillity so desirable in our wearied situation. We had hardly placed ourselves in a horizontal position, when the *rattling* storm began—howlings, squeakings, bitten tails, broken legs, and chased sides.—Reader, have you read Punch's description of Chaos? do it forthwith, and imagine a chaos of sounds. Oh, that there had been ten thousand *tom-cats* near to have started an opposition! "But *we* heard it all alone."

The next day was Sunday—made up for the disturbance of the last night by sleeping in church. In the afternoon abandoned our landlord and were *taken in* by some friendly farmers, who began to have pity on us. It was not the least of our misery to look back and see the summit of Mt. Washington provokingly clear almost the whole day.

Franconia is a dismal village, entirely unworthy its pretty name. It is most known for its iron works, which, however, are not carried on upon a very extensive scale. The mine is three or four miles distant from the works, and is interesting to the mineralogist, as the source not only of the ore, which is quite rich and abundant, but also of various elegant minerals, which are thrown out in vast quantities, and lie in piles around, as refuse vein stone.

A few miles below Franconia we came to Franconia Notch. A guide is furnished at a hotel near, if you wish to ascend Mt. Lafayette, which rises in a southeasterly direction. The greatest curiosity by far at this place is the "Old man of the Mountain." The *profile* is formed by the projection of rocks from the brow of a precipice nearly a thousand feet in height. In the afternoon, when the sun is behind the hill, a side view presents every feature of the human face very conspicuously. The morning sun reveals the deception, or rather makes it appear impossible. Another curiosity, some distance below, is the Basin. The Pemigewasset, by which it is formed, is there a very narrow stream. In some manner, in falling a few feet, it receives a whirling motion, and has thus, in the course of time, worn out a deep basin-shaped cavity, the lower edge of which has received almost exactly the form of a human foot.

We came next to an old inn, at which was laid the scene of Mr. Sargent's interesting temperance tale, "As a medicine." The same old *Caliban* was landlord still, and still lived upon New England Rum. There was the veritable *drawing* room, with a bed in the corner, and the bar—a case of shelves behind the door. It wanted but the actors to have the comedy renewed. An afternoon's ride brought us back to Plymouth.

And now, reader, if thou hast not long since forsaken me, for which thou hast had ample reason, and art resolved ever to see *Agiocochook* for thyself, let me advise thee to use thy leisure in the journey; to leave the Merrimack upon thy left as thou goest, and to return through the valley of the Connecticut.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

BATHED in rich splendor from the western sky,  
Lay fair Jerusalem. To lofty tower,  
And palace-dome, and wall uplifted high,  
With lightning speed rushed on a burning shower,  
Lit by the setting sun. With dazzling power,  
Flashed back the light from marble-fronted hill  
To brazen monument ; or threw a dower  
Of silver sheen upon Siloam's rill,  
Which flowed at Sion's foot all mournfully and still.

But more than all, a glorious lustre played  
Upon the holy house, where dwelt of old  
The mighty God. Its massive gates, o'erlaid  
With treasure-gifts, whose price was never told—  
Its snow-white roof—its pinnacles of gold—  
How gleamed they all, beneath that silent sky,  
Where wreathed the clouds in many a crimson fold,  
And slowly closed the day's bright flashing eye,  
As if to shut from view the awful ruin nigh !

Heaven's blighting curse was on that city proud.  
Where once reigned Peace, and Joy, and Love,  
The voice of bellowing War resounded loud,  
And Misery and Hate together strove,  
And reveled o'er their slain. There Malice wove  
Triumphant garlands for his blood-stained brow ;  
And Famine pale unfurled his swaying flag above,  
Death's sceptre waved, and bade the mighty bow ;  
The mighty and the weak were both his victims now.

E'en powerful Nature lost her sweet control ;  
For haggard Want had started from his lair,  
And mounted to her throne within the soul.  
No eye so bright—no form so strong and fair—  
He stamped not with the seal of wan Despair.  
No tie of love so dear he would not sever ;  
Defeating Love with darts of poisoning Care ;  
While hearts which dreamed to sunder never,  
Forgot a bond so sweet had been around them ever.

Men walked about like spectres of the night,  
Which haunt, in dreams, the troubled sleeper's bed,  
All ghastly, wild, and frightful to the sight ;  
While eager vultures hovered overhead.

A few, by some o'er cruel frenzy led,  
 Strove, like the prisoner with his claspèd chain,  
 To conquer Death : but no ! with weapon red  
 In human blood, he laid them with his slain,  
 And laughed to see life's desperate struggles all in vain.

No hand was laid upon the chilly brow ;  
 No word of love stole on the dying ear,  
 Nor soothing music murmured soft and low ;  
 Sweet Friendship shed no bitter mourning-tear,  
 Upon the graves of those who once were dear ;  
 There were no graves—but, as the foliage lies  
 When yellow Autumn comes, all crushed and sere,  
 So lay the dead—their dim and sunken eyes  
 Fixed on the holy house, to see a Saviour rise.—

What means that shout, as piercing wild  
 As a mother's shriek, who sees her child  
 In the serpent's crushing fold ?

Why flash the eyes which long have lain  
 Like a stagnant pool by the sandy main,  
 Its waters dark, and cold ?

Why start the sick from their dying bed ?  
 Why lifts the warrior his weary head,  
 Where death's quick throbs are beating ?

Why shrink the brave with pallid fear,  
 Like woman's heart when danger's near,  
 Or coward from foe retreating ?—

Hark now ! as a thousand voices rise,  
 In tumult wild, to the shrouded skies :  
 "The temple ! the temple ! Jehovah has left us !  
 Of the last beaming hope he now has bereft us !  
 Behold how the flames, with their maniac stare,  
 Are leaping, and gliding, and melting to air !  
 Behold how the roof, like a sea-beaten shore,  
 With the gay, dancing fire-foam is all covered o'er !  
 Oh God of our fathers ! for succor we pray ;  
 Thou only the ruin impending canst stay.  
 Appear ! oh, appear ! mighty ruler of kings,  
 Whose dwelling was erst 'neath the cherubim wings.  
 Speak ! will ! and yon clouds shall their treasure unfold,  
 And a torrent shall fall like the deluge of old."

In vain ! all in vain ! there listens no ear  
 To the longings of prayer, or the wildness of fear.  
 Now frowning with wrath is the All-seeing eye  
 Which once beamed so kindly when danger was nigh.  
 Now sheathed is the sword which no foe could withstand,  
 Her God has forsaken Judea's proud land.

On, on roll the flames, like wrapt billows of ocean ;  
 And louder and louder, in angry commotion,  
 Rise the meanings of sorrow and shrieks of despair,  
 From the city all bright with their horrible glare.  
 Oh, Israel ! where is thy powerful God ?  
 Why saveth He not His chosen abode ?

“ He will come ! He will come ! e’er the temple is gone,  
 He will rise with His sword for the battle field drawn.  
 He will scatter the foe, as clouds from the sky ;  
 Like chaff in a tempest their visions shall fly ;  
 The temple shall shine in its glory again ;  
 Pale Death shall have woven his fetters in vain ;  
 For a Saviour shall speak in the hope-riven hour,  
 And life shall return at the word of His power.”

Vain dream ! the mad flames are still running their race ;  
 See ! see ! they have entered the twice holy place ;  
 And swift, like an outbreking tempest, they run,  
 Till the conquest is over—the last goal is won.

There riseth no moan on the evening air,  
 There pleadeth in sadness no soul-moving prayer ;  
 But faint, when the last, flickering fire-light is o’er,  
 They whisper—“ God’s house is no more ! is no more !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years ago, the prophet’s holy pen  
 Had traced in burning lines Heaven’s sure decree.  
 The years were fled—the hour had glided then,  
 When all the world should its fulfillment see :  
 When, like a lovely dream, the temple fair should flee,  
 And not a foot-mark of its pride be found.—  
 Morn came o’er Olive’s brow, all dazlingly,  
 As was her wont. She saw but serried ground,  
 And mournful ruins strewn in blackened heaps around.

E.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

A POEM, by Guy Bigelow Day ; and the Valedictory Oration, by Thomas Kirby Davis ; pronounced before the Senior Class in Yale College, July 2, 1845. B. L. Hamlen.

These productions are now before the public, to strengthen or correct the opinions which have already been formed of their respective merits. We had prepared an extended notice of each, and particularly of the Oration, but received a sudden intimation from the printer that he had already several pages of *copy* which the limits of the Magazine could not admit.

That the *Poem* is not liable to severe criticism in style or arrangement, we would by no means allow. There are, however, several passages which, we think, exhibit true poetic taste and elegance of expression. The subject of the *Oration*, is “ Our National



Literature." We do not hesitate to say of the piece that it is well written, and that the sentiments advanced by the author are such, in general, as will meet with the approbation of the community. Yet, with some of the opinions there expressed, we can have no sympathy, and we firmly believe they will find a response in the minds of but few of his readers. We refer to the remarks upon the undue hostility of Christians and "Doctors of Divinity" to novel reading and theatrical exhibitions—a topic, which, in the first place, we deemed irrelevant to the subject, and, in the second place, too summarily disposed of for conclusions so confidently uttered. The typographical execution of the pamphlet is faultless.

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### EDITORS' TABLE.

A few brief pages, kind reader, for thy private perusal, and we have committed to thy charity the tenth volume of our Magazine. The contract into which we entered with thee, so far, at least, as we are concerned, has been fulfilled.

To our contributors we express our most sincere thanks, with the hope that we may be permitted to renew their acquaintance during the coming year. Our subscribers, upon whom we depend most for all that constitutes a healthy existence, may be assured of our eternal gratitude. We would not yet make any invidious distinctions between these *promising* individuals, because, thus far, we have studiously avoided discovering the names of those who can be willing to injure us by retaining their paltry subscriptions. With such, however, as are still delinquent, we have a *personal* interview in contemplation.

The portrait, which our friends have had reason to expect during the past term, was prevented by circumstances over which we had no control. It will, without doubt, appear early in the next volume. With respect to the future our prospects are gratifying to ourselves; we trust the result will prove satisfactory to you. With the coöperation of our fellow-students we hope, during the coming year, to make the Magazine indispensable to every member of college, as an index of the "literary pulse" of our community, as well as interesting to graduates and the friends of the institution as a record of events occurring in our midst, and a miniature representation of college life. Relying upon this coöperation for all our hopes, we tip our editorial hat to the past, take courage and press forward.

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We shall be unable to present to our readers an account of more than one meeting of the Cenclave, for which we are indebted chiefly to the records.

— EvE., Aug. —, 10 o'clock and growing later.

Club called to order. President upon the sofa. Secretary reported seventy-three communications received since the last meeting, and eleven rejected because *un-post-paid*. Of the former, forty-six were poetry in various shapes, and ten essays of from eight to twelve pages each. The opening speech of the President was characterized by aptness and brevity. "How often," said he, "do sentences wisely uttered, and committed to tradition, become wrapt about with the mantle of prophecy, and find their fulfillment in a distant age. It may have been Lord Bacon, it may have been some one else, at any rate it was one of the two, who was said to be the *greatest thing* that England ever *did*. The remark was just, but it seems almost to have predicted the

present position of the Yale Literary, as the *oldest* College Magazine which was ever *done* in this country." The Chair enlarged upon this idea, 'reminding his associates that the age of ten was an *eventual* period in life, and needed to be particularly guarded. He had been reviewing the list of worthies who had preceded us, and had longed for a closer communion with those great minds. In the present passion for jubilees and conventions, *he* would strongly urge a jubilee of the Editors of the Yale Literary, in the year 1850, at the third semi-centennial celebration of the founding of our University.' This proposition was received with acclamations.

Upon motion of Lean Jack, voted, that, for the sake of despatch, the club be resolved into five reading committees, of which Hal, King Jowl, Hotspur, Bardolph, and himself, be chairmen. The Editors accordingly betook themselves to their respective duties.

As the business of perusal was progressing in this quiet manner, the silence was suddenly broken by a burst of indignation from Hotspur. "Read it, read it," exclaimed all. Hotspur began,

For the Editors of the Yale Literary.

AN EPIITAPH.

Beneath this humble marble slab doth rest  
A youth by Nature's bounty all unbless'd;  
She gave him too much sense to be a mule,  
But not enough to make a decent fool.

The club cast inquisitive glances at each other, and at Hotspur, who proceeded,

Oh, pause here gentle reader and be sad,  
Here lies his body, all he ever had,  
The only boon conferred by Nature kind,  
A body well adapted to his mind.

"Thunder," said Hotspur, "if that is intended *for the Editors*, or for any one of them, it don't go in; that is all I have to say. I am opposed to suffering such familiarities from the *οἱ πολλοί*."

"If it is intended for the *corps*," replied Lean Jack, who, though evidently angry, appeared to pun from a sense of duty; and, in the present case, presented a forcible illustration of the *ruling passion strong in death*, "the most appropriate place for it is the *coffin*."

"Put it on the *lid*," said the chairman, which was accordingly done.

With the exception of Lean Jack, no one seemed to be materially affected by this incident. The eyes of this honorable Editor sparkled for a moment at the opportunity which had been given him of gratifying his favorite propensity. Soon, however, all were again deeply absorbed in the manuscripts, and were fast diminishing the huge pile before them. Occasionally a paper of undoubted value was laid aside for publication. The general *current of ideas*, however, was decidedly *to(e) grave*.

Hal was the first to interrupt. "The cat is out," said he, "Jowl to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"Incredible," replied King Jowl. "*To my certain knowledge* he was curtailed and bagged up, six weeks ago."

Lean Jack jumped up with delight. (He always rises when he speaks, rebuking indolence by his very actions.) *Been "let out and re-tailed,"* said he. "Same cat that came home once *with his head in his mouth*."

"It's 'an old Storie done into Rime,'" said Hal; "I will read if you have 'no objection."

"Itt is thee witchinge houre offe nighte,  
Thee moone and starres are shyninge brighte,  
A catte sittes onne a house toppes highe,  
And wraithfullye dothe gleame his eye;  
His taile hee whisketh—"

"How long is it?" asked Motpur, looking up from half a dozen closely written pages of foolscap, which he had just despatched.

"Ten stanzas," replied Hal.

"—through these aire,

Erecteth onne his backe—"

"Better wait then till he *rights*," interposed Lean Jack; "I think it would be more likely to go in."

"—his haire,"

continued Hal, completing the line.

But we can only present a synopsis of the piece. The hero yells a note of defiance, which calls out the whole neighborhood of Tom-cats. He sees

"Theire fierie eyes all glistenynge,"

and leaps from the roof at the peril of his life. This daring act is commemorated in these lines.

"Againe thatte loudre note shrillerre rangre  
Ande to thee grounde thatte brave Cattie sprange,  
'Come onne,' he cried, 'ye (*caTiffe* ?) Cattes.'"

"Sense and orthography before punning, is my motto," said Lean Jack.

Twelve "*powerfuller cattles*" rush to the side of their chief, who all, as the poet says,

"deemedre glorye cheaplye boughte,  
Ifte onlye wonne bye boldlye fightinge,  
Ande righte skillede were theye alle inne scratchinge ande bitinge."

(We shall exhibit some *rimse* equal to this by and by.)

The hoste of "*caTiffe*" enemies draw up their ranks in battle array. The war-cry is sounded, the lines close, shrieks are heard from the *dead and the dying*, and the *fur flies*. 'The combat thickens, on ye brave,' until

"—Theire direfuller yellinge  
'Awoke thee inmates offe thee dwellinge.'"

"It would be strange if it hadn't," said Lean Jack; "I wonder they didn't hear it sooner."

Here appears to be the turning point of the piece. The hero fights *manfully*, but is, at last, *shot like a dog*, by "a crustye olde Cove" from the house. The charge, which was aimed at his head, passes through his *side* for the sake of the metre. There is considerable profanity (though entirely on the part of the *Cove*) at this juncture, which, of course, would unfit it for the pages of our Magazine. The last stanza, however, which presents so forcibly the consolations of a Tom-cat in his dying moments, is too valuable to be lost.

"Butte 'tis inne vaine to weepe forre thee,  
Orre mourne thee sadde *cattastrophee*;  
A monuments forre thee shall rise.  
Ande thoughte uponne a moonlitte nighte,  
No more shalle ringe thy battle cryes,  
Orre thou seeke glorye inne thee fighte,  
Yette younge cattles shalle thee storie heare,  
Offe one who neverre knewe to feare,  
Ande offenne shalle thy name be tolde  
To listenynge ears by warlours olde,  
Thou werte thee nobleste offe thy race,  
'*Sed requiescas nunc in pace.*'"

"First rate idea," said Lean Jack, "I was going to suggest the same myself; I move that Hal close his eyes and lay him in the coffin."

Accordingly Hal, with manifest reluctance, performed these last offices for the deceased, while the Editors stood around with heads uncovered. King Jowl, being the oldest acquaintance, acted as chief mourner. Our usual ceremonies of honorable burial were by no means omitted.

Business having been resumed, Hotspur remarked that 'he had just finished a very lengthy article on "Medicine," or more particularly on "The Qualifications and Duties of a Surgeon," which he thought might be very appropriately considered at the present time. The piece appeared to have been received at some previous meeting, and to have been hitherto overlooked. Though it bore the impress of labor and care, for various reasons it appeared hardly suitable for the pages of the Yale Literary. He could have wished that the undoubted skill of the author might have saved the mournful tragedy which had just occurred. Perhaps it might be at least a testimony of respect if it were deposited by the side of the former.' This suggestion was adopted by the club.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! *Good hit*," exclaimed Bardolph, and his sides were convulsed with laughter. "A scene for a painter, *upon my word*."

"Rather too unsubstantial a material for *canvas*," chuckled Lean Jack. "I ask your pardon though," said he, satisfied with the jest; "I didn't mean that. Let us hear the piece."

Bardolph repressed his choler and read.

## ERRATICA.

In rhymes,  
Sometimes,  
Its droll enough,  
To see how words will run together;  
As if just so  
They'd got to go,  
Without one *if* or *whether*.

\* \* \* 'Twas Christmas night,  
In a country town  
Of small renown—  
No matter where.  
It's true,  
If you knew,  
You wouldn't care;  
Nor what's its name!—  
Some fellows resolved to have a spree,  
And they got together, one, two, three,  
Or a dozen, it's all the same.  
There was one fat butcher,  
His name was Joe,  
You know.  
He was droll as a brick,  
And as short, and as thick,  
Or, at any rate, not tall,  
With a neck that grew tight  
To his shoulders and chin,  
Or a sort of indefinite crease in the skin—  
In short, 'twas no neck at all.

There's an old church tower,  
Not very far off;  
In the loft  
There hangs a bell.  
When it rings at night  
The people arise,  
And those that are sleepy  
All rub their eyes;  
And every gentleman  
Fire! Fire!! cries,  
As loud as he can yell,  
In buckets and pails  
It seldom falls  
To make a great ado;  
And rascals delight,  
And say its fine fun,  
In the dead of night,  
In a terrible fright,  
In their night gowns so white,  
Without ever a light,  
To see the ladies all scamper and run.  
I own it is shocking—but true.

So thought Joe, and so thought the rest,  
For they were all very drunk at the best;  
And they made their way  
To the old church tower,  
About half past midnight's witching hour,  
To disturb their neighbor's rest.

Now Joe, he had got,  
(Though I'm sure I know not  
Where he found it),  
A curious habit;—  
As you hear people say,  
I suppose every day,  
When any thing happens  
To go the wrong way,  
"Confound it."

And sometimes "Gad rat it!"  
But it was'nt "confound it!"  
That Joseph said;  
'Twas a very curious phrase indeed,  
It's true,  
And few,

Perhaps, will believe it.  
If, for instance, a man  
Knocked off Joe's hat,  
Or knowingly hit him  
A delicate pat,  
Or told him of anything new,  
"I was thinking of that,"

Joe always said,  
As if it had been for a week in his head—  
Though of course that wasn't true.

Well,  
Joe was ringing the bell—  
What a horrible fright,  
That night,  
The people all were in;  
And the bell was a dinging,

And ringing,  
And whirling, and spinning,  
And Joe was a laughing,  
And shouting, and grinning,  
As if he would split his skin;  
When, strange to relate!

Round that thick neck of Joe's,  
The rope took a turn,  
Just under his nose,  
And the bell kept whirling,  
And the rope kept curling,  
And lifted him off from his toes!  
Up, up went Joe to the belfry floor—  
It was fifteen feet, or twenty, or more—

Like an arrow shot out of a bow.  
 Joe was frightened to death,  
 As people say,  
 When they mean a man's senses  
 Are all gone away,  
 Which is almost as bad, you know.  
 If he wasn't hung,  
 Its clear he was swung;  
 For Joe  
 Let go  
 With both his hands,  
 And his legs,  
 Like pegs,  
 Stuck out so straight,  
 And the rope was stretched  
 With all his weight.  
 But all of a sudden  
 The rope uncurled,  
 And for all the world,  
 Like a log,

Or a hog,  
 That's been hung—  
 Or a dog—  
 Down, down, with a dump,  
 And a bump,  
 Or a thump,  
 Like a lump  
 Of cold lead, came Joe.  
 Now, though Joe was quite fat,  
 'Twas a terrible spat;  
 But in less than a jiffy,  
 In a terrible tiffy,  
 Before you'd say "Scat,"  
 He picked up his hat;  
 And before all the fellows  
 Knew what he was at,  
 With his hands both behind,  
 He gave vent to his mind;  
 "By George though," said Joe,  
 "I was thinking of that."

Seven minutes precisely were allowed for the Editors to recover from the risible effect of this production. King Jowl then suggested that as a treasury of all the metres invented, from Mr. Jubal to Mr. Poe, it should be inserted in the records, for the special accommodation of the *rhyming* portion of the club. This rare honor was conceded by a unanimous vote. Adjourned.

#### EXERCISES OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

On Tuesday afternoon, an Oration will be delivered before the three Literary Societies, by the Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D., of Philadelphia.

In the evening, the "Concio ad Clerum" will be preached by the Rev. THOMAS BOUTELLE, of Woodstock, Conn.

In the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, will also be held a General Convention of the Psi Upsilon Society.

On Wednesday morning, the Social Meeting of the Alumni will be held in the new Library Building. The address before the Alumni will be delivered in the North Church, by the Rev. LEONARD WITTINGTON, of Newbury, Mass.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the exercises of the Theological Department will be held in the Centre Church.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES, &c.

1. SACRED MUSIC.
2. PRAYER.
3. "Modern Socialism," by J. AUGUSTINE BENTON, *Paltney, N. Y.*
4. "The Church, as developing the True Law of Progress," by BURDETT HART, *New Britain, Ct.*
5. "Sectarianism, as opposed to the World's Conversion," by JARED O. KNAPP, *Greenwich, Ct.*
6. "Philosophy and Revelation," by ISAAC M. ELY, *Rochester, N. Y.*
7. "The Influence of Single Thoughts," by P. GEORGE SAUERWEIN, *Baltimore.*
8. SACRED MUSIC.
9. "Why is Truth so Powerless?" by JOEL GRANT, *Colebrook, Ct.*
10. "The Moral Government of God," by ALEXANDER McWHORTER, *New York City.*
11. "Redemption a Progressive Work," by BIRDSEY G. NORTHERP,\* *Kent, Ct.*
12. "Doctrinal Preaching," by JOSEPH CHANDLER, *North Woodstock, Ct.*
13. "The Pulpit and the Age," by THEODORE COOKE, *Northampton, Mass.*

\* Excused from speaking on account of ill health.

14. SACRED MUSIC.
15. "Temptation possibly necessary to the plan of Redemption," by ELINOR W. COOK, *Manchester, Ct.*
16. "What is Moral Perfection?" by IRA H. SMITH, *Humphreysville, Ct.*
17. "Strong Symptoms of Better Things," by AZARIAH ELDRIDGE, *Yarmouthport, Mass.*

On Wednesday afternoon, will also be held a General Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society will meet on Wednesday evening. The Orator is to be HENRY BARNARD, Esq., of Hartford, and the Poet, Mr. ELIZUR WRIGHT, Jr., of Boston.

The "Skull and Bones" and "Scroll and Key" Societies hold each their General Meeting on Wednesday evening.

Thursday, the 21st, will be devoted to the exercises of the graduating class. The music by Dodworth's Cornet Band, from New York, will be excellent.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES, &c.

##### FORENOON.

1. MUSIC.
2. PRAYER by the President.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by WILLIAM GUSTINE CONNER, *Natchez, Miss.*
4. Oration, "Thoughts on the Occasion," by ANDREW FLINN DICKSON, *Asheville, N. C.*
5. Oration, "The Old Saxons," by GEORGE CRAWFORD MURRAY, *Monmouth Co., N. J.*
6. Dissertation, "The American Scholar's Mission," by SAMUEL SITGREAVES BOWMAN, *Lancaster, Pa.*
7. MUSIC.
8. Dissertation, "The Expression of the Countenance as indicative of Character," by JOSEPH SNOWDEN BACON, *Boston, Mass.*
9. Dissertation, "Melancthon," by SILAS RICHARDS SELDEN, *New Haven, Ct.*
10. Dissertation, "The Reign of Truth," by JAMES BAILEY SILKMAN, *Westchester Co., N. Y.*
11. Dissertation, "Prospects of the American Orator," by ALEXANDER CROCKER CHILDS, *Nantucket, Mass.*
12. MUSIC.
13. Dissertation, "Characteristics of Moral Revolutions," by WILLIAM THOMAS REYNOLDS, *West Haven, Ct.*
14. Dissertation, "Wilberforce, the Christian Statesman," by JOHN TALLMADGE MARSH, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
15. Oration, "The Real Worth of Scholarship," by WILLIAM AUGUSTUS BIGELOW, *New York City.*
16. Poem, "Man," by GUY BIGELOW DAY, *Colchester, Ct.*
17. MUSIC.
18. Oration, "The Christian Ministry as a Profession," by WILLIAM BURR BIBBINS, *Fairfield, Ct.*
19. Dissertation, "The Political Influence of the Scholar," by CONSTANTINE C. EFTY, *Framingham, Mass.*
20. Oration, "Poets and Poetasters," by WILLIAM ELIJAH DOWNS, *Milford, Ct.*
21. MUSIC.

22. Dissertation, "The Eloquence of the Scriptures," by ISAAC LEWIS PEET, *New York City*.

23. Dissertation, "Abuses of Political Discussion," by EDWARD OLMSTEAD, *New Haven, Ct.*

24. Oration, "The Freeman," by THOMAS KIRBY DAVIS, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

25. MUSIC.

26. Colloquy, "Nationalities," by CHARLES THOMAS CHESTER, *New Haven, Ct.*

G. W. GODDARD, *New London, Ct.*

C. T. CHESTER, *New Haven, Ct.*

R. RANKIN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

27. MUSIC.

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#### AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC.

2. Philosophical Oration, "The Delusions of Science," by JOHN GRANT, *Colebrook, Ct.*

3. Oration, "Oratory, as a Means of Elevating the Character of our People," by ALVAN PINNEY HYDE, *Stafford, Ct.*

4. Oration, "The Inspiration of History," by SHERNO DWIGHT NICKERSON, *Boston, Mass.*

5. Oration, "The Pedant and the Scholar," by WILLIAM BURNHAM WOODS, *Newark, Ohio.*

6. MUSIC.

7. Poem, "Ben Haman," by GEORGE DE FOREST FOLSOM, *Buckeport, Me.*

8. Oration, "The Dignity of American Citizenship," by GEORGE CANNING HILL, *Norwich, Ct.*

9. Dissertation, "The Error of placing the Standard of Perfection in the Past," by JONATHAN STURGES ELY, *Rochester, N. Y.*

10. Oration, "Moral Courage," by ROBERT RANKIN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

11. MUSIC.

12. German Dialogue, by THOMAS KIRBY DAVIS, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

I. L. PEET, *New York City,*

E. OLMSTEAD, *New Haven,*

T. K. DAVIS, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

13. MUSIC.

14. Dissertation, "The Destiny of Man from his Intellectual Capacity," by HENRY DAY, *West Springfield, Mass.*

15. Oration, "Want," by FRANCIS IVES, *Hamden, Ct.*

16. Dissertation, "Tyranny of a Name," by JOHN WHEELER HARDING, *East Medway, Mass.*

17. Dissertation, "Unity in Art," by THOMAS KENNEDY, *Baltimore, Md.*

18. MUSIC.

19. Oration, "The Adaption of the Material World to the Mind of Man," with the Valedictory Address, by JAMES GARDNER GOULD, *Augusta, Ga.*

20. DEGREES CONFERRED.

21. PRAYER by the President.

22. MUSIC.

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CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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Cantabunt SOBLES, unanimique PATRES."

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VOLUME TENTH.

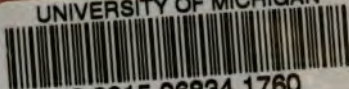
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